IN THE DAYS OF AUDUBON

BY

HEZEKIAH · BUTTERWORTH

FOR THE PEOPLE
FOR EDVCATION
FOR SCIENCE

LIBRARY
OF
THE AMERICAN MUSEUM
OF
NATURAL HISTORY

IN THE DAYS OF AUDUBON

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

Uniform Edition. Each, 12mo, cloth, $1.50.

In the Days of Audubon. A Tale of the "Protector of Birds." Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst and Others.

In the Days of Jefferson; OR, THE SIX GOLDEN HORSESHOES. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill and Others.

The Story of Magellan. A Tale of the Discovery of the Philippines. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill and Others.

The Treasure Ship. A Story of Sir William Phipps and the Inter-Charter Period in Massachusetts. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst and Others.

The Pilot of the Mayflower. Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce and Others.

True to his Home. A Tale of the Boyhood of Franklin. Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce.

The Wampum Belt; OR, THE FAIREST PAGE OF HISTORY. A Tale of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians. With 6 full-page Illustrations.

The Knight of Liberty. A Tale of the Fortunes of Lafayette. With 6 full-page Illustrations.

The Patriot Schoolmaster. A Tale of the Minute-men and the Sons of Liberty. With 6 full-page Illustrations by H. Winthrop Peirce.

In the Boyhood of Lincoln. A Story of the Black Hawk War and the Tunker Schoolmaster. With 12 Illustrations and colored Frontispiece.

The Boys of Greenway Court. A Story of the Early Years of Washington. With 10 full-page Illustrations.

The Log School-House on the Columbia. With 13 full-page Illustrations by J. Carter Beard, E. J. Austen and Others.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Something new almost daily would awaken their curiosity.

(See page 73.)

IN THE DAYS OF AUDUBON

A TALE OF THE "PROTECTOR OF BIRDS"

WITH AN APPENDIX ON
THE FORMATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES

59.043 Q
c.1

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

AUTHOR OF
IN THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN, THE BOYS OF GREENWAY COURT,
IN THE DAYS OF JEFFERSON, ETC.

*ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST
AND OTHERS*

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1901

Copyright, 1901,
By D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

27-10733-April 7

"Hunt the eagle and lion if you will, but do not hunt the weak."

MICHELET.

"The bird prepared the earth for ye. Why kill the friends of Wilson?"

MICHELET.

THE SYMPHONY OF LIFE: "To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than ostentation; to be worthy, not fashionable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, to do all bravely, to await occasions, hurry never. In a word, to let the spiritual grow up through the common. This is my symphony."

WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

PREFACE

The great growth of "Audubon Societies" for young people and of "Bands of Mercy" among children; the adoption of the "Bird of Washington," or the white-headed eagle, on many State shields, and on crests and emblems; and the new view of what Audubon's Birds of America did to bring a superior emigration to our States—suggest a place for a new story of the life of Audubon.

Such a story I have attempted to write, so as to give a picture of old times in the pioneer West, and to encourage the forming of societies for the protection of birds. The study of birds with the camera opens a new field for the young naturalist, and calls him to the woods and country under new conditions.

While the story of Audubon's life in this volume follows the methods of historical fiction, the narrative and illustrated anecdotes are substantially true—fact in picture.

There is, so far as I know, no American story of Audubon for young people's libraries of historical fiction. The story of the Protector of Birds would seem to be a needed influence in the growth of the kindergarten spirit toward birds and dumb animals.

The forest tales of Audubon furnish also one of the most realistic pictures of the early history of pioneer life in our country. Folk-lore is sometimes the truest history. The stories in the Ornithological Biographies of Audubon picture what America was in the times of the foresters.

But, above all, Audubon was a true man, and his character was formed on the right models, and for the reason that he made his birds immortal in perfect art, he himself became immortal.

This is the impression I have sought to make in this interpretation of the life of the American Woodman.

I have added an Appendix on how to form Audubon societies, how to study the beneficent habits of birds, and how to tame birds without cages by making them the dwellers of dooryard trees, after the manner of old English cottagers and the New England farmers, in whose dooryards and gardens bird-boxes filled the gables and trees.

The story of Wilson, the Scottish poet-schoolmaster, is almost as beautiful and instructive as that of Audubon's forest life, and I have included some of his thoughts in this volume.

It has seemed best to me to aid this interpretation of Audubon by the story of Victor Audubon, the son of the ornithologist, who was his faithful companion in the forests.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

BOSTON, MASS., *June 1, 1901.*

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	A surprised clerk	1
II.	A little bird that died	8
III.	Decisive hours—the story of poor Polly and the monkey	11
IV.	Young Audubon's cave	24
V.	A strange adventure on the ice—a wedding journey in an "ark"	35
VI.	A pedler with a face like a bird	39
VII.	A herbman of single sight who was laughed at—the herb doctor	43
VIII.	The genius that sees—the story of the Forest Inn and the wren	56
IX.	Victor, the son of Audubon—father and son in the forest—forest tales—partridge land—an old Kentucky Fourth of July	63
X.	In days of poverty—father and son—Daniel Boone	81
XI.	A noble wife	96
XII.	Victor, the forest boy—how he studied nature	99
XIII.	Audubon discovers the great eagle, the bird of Washington—the emblem of the Republic	105
XIV.	The dark room—Audubon and the rats	109
XV.	Alexander Wilson, the American "Robinson Crusoe"—his parrot	113
XVI.	Florida as it was	117

CHAPTER PAGE
XVII.—The sick boy—wagon tales 123
XVIII.—The signature of the king 145
XIX.—Audubon visits Baron Rothschild 155
XX.—The Czar's golden snuff-box—Audubon's forest tales 159
XXI.—A hunt with a squatter 162
XXII.—Old Missouri days, or the Western States as seen by Victor 168
XXIII.—The story of how the Indians on the Missouri disappeared 180
XXIV.—A buffalo-hunt—a great bear—the hand above the reeds 184
XXV.—Audubon and Daniel Webster, of Marshfield Farms 196
XXVI.—The protector of birds 203
XXVII.—The inn in the forest—strange news 208
XXVIII.—The home of Audubon on the Hudson—what a naturalist's home should be—the musical woodpecker 213
XXIX.—The last days 218

APPENDIX

How to form an Audubon Society 220
Selections for recitation at Audubon Societies 227

LIST OF FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Something new almost daily would awaken their curiosity	*Frontispiece*
"The Bird of Washington" *	59
Mocking-birds defending their nests *	70
Father and son painted together	143
"The prairie dog hung on until I shook it off"	171
Portrait and autograph of Audubon	192
"A thousand dollars a copy!"	210
Monument in Trinity Cemetery, Amsterdam Avenue, New York	218

* After the original plate in Audubon's The Birds of America.

IN THE DAYS OF AUDUBON

CHAPTER I

A SURPRISED CLERK

Near the close of a long summer day a clerk sat at his desk near an open window in an inn. He had nothing to do at the moment, and chanced to cast his eye toward the end of an old Indian forest trail near the hostelry, when he saw a strange figure emerging from the bushes.

"Look here!" he presently said to a solitary lounger in the office. "There comes the old man of the forest himself—loaded with what?"

"Sticks," said the lounger.

"Well, I would say sticks—no, a mountain eagle's nest and a leather pouch. I wonder what he has in the pouch? There are some queer men in the woods in these times, but he is the oddest one I have seen yet. The old fellow is making for the tavern. What could I do with him if he should want a room? A party of the members of the circuit court are to sleep here to-night."

The man who had come out of the forest stopped on

the wide oak veranda. He was not old. Under the portico there was a sign bearing the inscription "The Relay Inn."

The queer-looking man laid down a huge nest on the floor of the veranda very carefully.

"Hey, you there, old fellow, don't you clutter up the floor! We are going to entertain a party of men from the court to-night—jurymen—and we want things about here to look trim and clean. What are you going to do with that bird's cord-wood, anyway?"

"My friend, that is a nest of the white mountain eagle."

The stranger seemed to regard it as a treasure.

"So I see. But what of it? It is simply a pile of sticks. Why do you bring them here?"

"My friend, I beg your pardon, but that nest is very rare. I climbed two days to secure it, and tore my flesh—see, see—so as to bring it down the cliffs unbroken. I would not displace a single stick, not for a doubloon. There it is, just as I found it. My arms ache carrying it in such an exact way. Show me to a room."

"Show you to the wood-house! You do not expect to take that bundle of sticks and a lot of other trumpery to a regular room in the inn?"

"Why, my young man, of course I do. Are you not a little rude to a stranger who comes to you for hospitality?"

"Old man, you are daft."

"I beg your pardon. I am neither old nor daft. You keep a public house, to which all respectable folk should be welcome. I am an eminently respectable man. You have no moral or legal right to treat a gentleman rudely."

"Well, old fellow, leave your sticks in the wood-shed, and I will give you a room in the attic—the rest of the rooms are to be occupied to-night. The judge, jury, and witnesses are to be here. *That* is the best I can do."

"But I must take the nest to my room. I wish to paint it before anything happens to disarrange it—to paint it just as the eagle left it on the cliff. I came near falling over the cliff to secure it. I tied a rope to a tree on the cliff, and let myself down by it over the edge of the cliff, when—it makes me dizzy to think of it!—the tree bent over. It has been dry weather, and the soil is shallow on the surface of the rock. I periled my life to secure that nest. I would not sell it for pounds, for doubloons, for napoleons, for anything."

The clerk stared.

"You must be loony!"

"Sir?"

"You must be daft—a little off—not quite all there. I wouldn't give a penny for the nest for kindling wood on a cold day in winter. What can that rotting rubbish be to you?"

"My life—my life is in it. Oh, you don't know! You can't see! What power taught the inhabitant of the

skies, the worshiper of the sun, the winged dweller in the chambers of the air, to build a nest like that?"

"Heaven knows—I don't. Well, a man can't help being wanting, so let me carry that nest with all of its rock-weeds and rubbish up to the sky room, as carefully as possible, so as not to litter the stairs."

"You carry it? I would not trust you to touch it—you, who in your present state of ignorance know little of the wonders of a creation like that. Did you ever read the book of Job?"

"No, I never did. What's in it? Who wrote it?"

"What is in it? The hidden secrets of the universe. Who wrote it? Job. He saw behind nature—he had a vision of the instincts of the universe of creatures of air and wings. He——"

"Well, old fellow, you or I must have gone daft, but I am left in charge of this hotel. So take the nest, and I will show you the room in the cockloft under the rafters."

The stranger took up the nest very carefully, and followed the clerk up the hard oak stairs. As they passed the rooms on the second floor, where doors were open, the clerk said:

"Look in there—the chambers are herrin'-boned with sand, as white as marble, all ready for the court, who will be here soon on horseback. I don't know what the judge would think to find a man here with an eagle's nest and what not. I wish your visit had been deferred. I will

ring a second bell for you supper time, for the first table will be full."

The stranger looked into the sanded room, and stumbled; a part of the nest fell. He threw back his head.

"Now you have done it!" said the clerk. "Just look at the floor, and all that dirt right before the room to be occupied by the Honorable Judge Rush!"

The stranger trembled.

"I wouldn't have had that happen for a fortune."

"But what do you think of *me*? There is your room up the ladder at the top of the stairs. Go into it before anything else happens, and stay there until I call you."

The stranger's eyes overflowed with tears. He bore up the broken nest carefully, and threw himself upon the bed and wept like a child.

The sun was going down over the immense forests in a languid sky. The air was so still that distant sounds could be heard, and the road rocks seemed to echo.

There was a far-away noise of horses' feet. A horn was blown, and the sound seemed to tremble in the still air. Then fourteen men came riding up to the veranda of the hotel, dropping the reins on the horses' necks, and dismounting. The landlord was with them.

The horses began to feed by the way, and the landlord, brusk and brisk, called out to the clerk:

"You haven't let any of the rooms to-night, I hope."

"Only the cockloft."

"Who did you let have that?"

"I don't know—an old fellow from the mountains—addled, he seemed to be; had been hunting old birds' nests."

"That's strange."

"Come to think of it, his face was fine—Frenchy. He had a fine manner, too. But he didn't seem to know anything—sort of a hermit wanderer, whose wits had gone; he had long hair."

The Honorable Judge Rush tapped the landlord on the shoulder after hearing the description.

"How do you know," he said, "but the stranger in the top room may be Audubon?"

The clerk stood as if transfixed. He had never heard of Audubon before, but he recalled that the stranger that he had sent to the garret had a remarkable face, although it was scarred and torn. The judge had spoken the name in a tone of reverence.

"I will go up and see," said the landlord.

The clerk was excited. If he had treated a man of importance in a rude way would the landlord overlook the blunder?

There was loud talking in tones of surprise in the cock-loft. The landlord was coming down the stairs, repeating apology after apology.

The clerk heard a musical voice saying:

"Oh, don't mention it; don't mention it. The clerk judged me hastily by my woodsy appearance. I overlook

it all—it is I that caused him to be uncivil. It is all right—all right."

The legal party, headed by Judge Rush, awaited in the office the return of the landlord. The latter came into view on the stairs, followed by the stranger.

Judge Rush bent over at the sight, saying, after the old-time manner, with his hand on his breast:

"Have I the honor?"

Each of the fourteen or more lawmakers followed his example, placing their hands on their breasts, and saying:

"Have I the honor?"

"Honorable gentlemen," said the landlord, "let me present to you one who is making our country known to the world as few men are or can, the naturalist who will sit at the head of the table to-night—John James Audubon!"

Every one bowed respectfully.

"Clerk!" shouted the landlord.

But the "clerk" had disappeared. He was seen flying through the openings of the trail out of which the stranger with the eagle's nest had appeared. He was not prepared to serve at the table that evening, with John James Audubon at the head and the judge next in order.

It is a cabin tale, and I use it here to introduce the reader to a very remarkable man to whom America owes a debt of increasing gratitude.

CHAPTER II

A LITTLE BIRD THAT DIED

THE life of John James Laforest * Audubon reads like a wonder tale. He was born in New Orleans, May 4, 1780, in a house in whose gardens the mocking-birds sang.

He was a wonderful boy. His father was a French naval officer, sometimes called "admiral." His mother died when he was fourteen; his father married again, and his new wife became dotingly fond of her little stepson, who had genius, grace, and beauty, and a heart overflowing with love. His new mother thought him the "handsomest child in France."

In childhood his heart went out to birds; he seemed to love and almost worship everything that had wings.

He was taken to Santo Domingo, where his Spanish mother lost her life in the insurrection of the blacks. He returned with his father to New Orleans, and lived amid the charms of a mossy plantation outside of New Orleans—probably the same that Louis Philippe came to call "Fontaine plain."

---

* Although Laforest is omitted in many biographies, Audubon's original name was John James Laforest, and his wife addressed him as "Laforest."—H. B.

The New Orleans plantation where he dwelt was full of birds; in the morning the dewy air was filled with song. There were joyous wings in the gray moss of the glistening green leaves of the magnolias. Gem-like humming-birds flitted among the trumpet-creepers, and hung pendent from the orange and crimson flowers. The song of the mocking-bird thrilled him as it floated through the regions of the air. He followed it as if it were a celestial being; he heard in it an expression of nature that came from the benevolent heart of the Omniscient.

"Hush! 'tis the mocking-bird," he may have said to those around him. "Why should we prattle when a true poet was singing as at the very gate of heaven?"

He had a passion for painting birds. His family delighted to follow his development in this art.

One day he found a live bird of beautiful plumage, and brought it gently to his room with a palpitating heart. The lovely creature charmed him, and he dreamed of it day by day. As he studied it the bird grew more beautiful, and he loved it more and more. He awoke early to visit its cage; he fed it often. But the thought of the bird seemed far away among the magnolias or in the rice and cotton fields. Her mate may have been there. The close room and the loving boy were not the open air, the blue, sun-flaming sky, or the brother and sister birds of flower-haunted Louisiana. The little bird pined away notwithstanding the boy's love and care.

Little Audubon found it dead one morning. His heart seemed to stand still; his eyes became suffused with tears.

"My bird, my darling bird! I can not let it go! I will not—it shall not go!"

"But what will you do, my boy?" asked his fond father.

"I will paint it, and it shall live again; it is too beautiful to lose!"

He sat down and transferred the bird with all of its delicate coloring to the paper. Then they took the form away and buried it; but he had it still in picture, and he loved to dream of or imagine the field note of the little bird that died.

His home in Louisiana was full of sunshine and love, of beauty and bloom, and tender hearts. It was a home of wealth, but his heart was strange in it.

"I love nature more than anything else. I was born for the woods; I hear voices in the trees. I do not care much for other things. I was born with an idea!"

So he thought of himself. In the midst of his life among the sun birds of the wide fields of Louisiana his father was summoned to France, and he took his lively boy with him.

CHAPTER III

DECISIVE HOURS—THE STORY OF POOR POLLY AND THE MONKEY

It was at Nantes, the seaport of France, the ancient home of the dukes of Bretagne, and the resting-place of the old French kings, that young Audubon took up the charmed life of his childhood, doted on by his susceptible stepmother, taught music, dancing, and other polite accomplishments. But amid all the luxuries of the society of a family of a naval officer in the days of the first empire the boy caught the voice of a bird. To him it was as a song from heaven.

He followed it out into nature, and nature, as on the old Louisiana plantation, began to enthrall him again.

Nantes was full of noble and delightful promenades that led down to the great harbor. To these, out-of-door life might have tempted him; but no, he must wander into the far woods and hear the new songs of birds and study living colors. He made two hundred pictures of birds. In doing this he formed the pattern of his whole life.

The old commodore, or "admiral," his father, came sailing back from the scenes of the great sea exploits of the time.

The French Revolution had passed, and the career of Napoleon was now dazzling France. The elder Audubon's heart seemed to dance at the thought that the eagles of Napoleon would outshine those of Rome in glory.

"Oh, could I have a son that would become great on the sea!" he thought. "I must place John James in the naval academy."

He came to his home to find his boy a fondling of society, with his ears charmed by birds.

He determined to break off these pursuits and to place him in a naval school.

So one day he started for a naval training school a long distance from Nantes, taking his gentle son with him.

He thought that he must be stern with his son now. So the two rode in silence together for several days. The boy naturalist must be hardened for life on the sea.

The boy obeyed him, or tried to do so, but his heart and imagination turned to the American forests and to the songs of the birds. He studied mathematics indeed, but he began to wander into the woods again, and returned to Nantes.

"Give up birds and mosses and all such things as those," said his father. "You must prepare to follow the armies of Napoleon and the eagles of France."

"But, father, I do not care for wealth or fame; I love nature."

"Yes, the boy loves nature," said an old Frenchwoman with a snowy kerchief and cap who was knitting on the balcony near the open window looking out on the sea where the father and son were. "He loves nature, and his heart has eyes for nature. Do not put out his eyes. I can see what he ought to be, Captain Audubon; I have the 'open vision' sometimes. He ought to paint birds—American birds. Oh, it makes my heart go pitapat to hear him talk of the birds in the magnolia groves of the far-away Louisiana plantations!"

The old woman had been his governess or teacher, and represented the Audubon household. She had knit and knit since the dark days when her family had been destroyed in the Revolution. They called her the "Knitter of Nantes."

The boy was grateful to the old woman for what she had said. He believed her to be a kind of prophetess, and he went and stood by her chair.

She let her work fall into her lap.

He was a picture of beauty as he stood beside her in his velvets. His eyes were aglow as with the light of the hope of the future; his hair was long, and he wore it so during most of his perilous life. He loved his father, but his soul rose in him now, and he must speak.

"Say on," said the "Knitter of Nantes." "Speak up, and don't be afraid."

"Father, the good woman speaks true. I wish to make you happy, but, father, I would never rise in the navy; my heart has another calling, and my good teacher here has spoken it. Let me paint birds—the birds of America—and I will one day have the gratitude of kings."

"The gratitude of kings, my son! But you just said that you did not care for fame."

"No; but I would love to have the world feel grateful to me for doing my best."

"Do I hear my ears?"

The Knitter rose, dropping her needles and her work on to the floor.

"Captain Audubon, listen. There are voices of old wisdom that come to me now, and I must deliver my message. It is this—boy, listen: '*Neglect not the gift that is in thee.*' Captain, hear: '*Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.*' That is all."

She sat down, picked up her knitting, and her needles flew in the rays of the sun.

The boy stepped back to his father, and said:

"You love France. It is your birthplace; but America, O my America! that is *my* birthplace."

"My boy, can I imagine that you would do anything for America that would ever receive the signature of the *king?*"

"I can, father—my soul shows me what I can do, what I can be and what I ought to do."

"What, my son?"

"To be an American artist. To be that I would be willing to suffer, and to do perfect work I would sacrifice anything, and I would be true to the work to which God calls me."

"You would be willing to sacrifice—to give up—to suffer? Oh, my boy, you disappoint me; and yet—and yet ought I not to be grateful to Heaven for a child with a gift like yours?"

The Knitter bowed her head.

Captain Audubon sat for some time in silence. He, too, loved America. To paint America would be a noble calling.

"My boy," he said at last, "it may be that your calling comes from within. You may go to America, your own beloved America, if you wish, and my blessing shall go with you. To picture America is a noble thought—next to being a soldier. And your aspiration to do work that will receive the gratitude of a king is also a noble one. You are a noble boy, but if ever your work receives the *signature* of a king bring it to me, and we will lock hands when you and I are older than now. Wherever you are and whatever you may be, do perfect work."

"Father, I love you. I will be true to you, and that

hour will come; and whether you are living or dead, I will bless you then."

Audubon drew the pictures of birds and painted them, but he outgrew his own work every year.

On New-year's day he destroyed the pictures that he had made the year before. They did not meet his ideal. His father saw that he needed the training in the best schools of art.

He showed the old Knitter of Nantes his new pictures with delight.

"I have brought you to-day," he would say to her, "a new portfolio of birds."

"Where is your last year's portfolio?"

"I put it into the fire on New-year's day."

"My boy, you are doing well; you are growing."

His father sought a teacher for him.

David, the painter of colossal battre scenes and of great historical events, a man of the Revolution, an enthusiast and a colorist, was then a leader of French art. Pupils came to him from many cities, and he helped make many of them famous. Among them came this boy from the Louisiana plantation, where the nonpareils haunted magnolias and mocking-birds trilled in the blazing air.

He did not come to learn to paint tragedies. He had a tender heart. To kill a bird for science was to him a tragedy, and he shrunk from it. But he could learn

the art of coloring from David, and this art was essential to help him fulfil the purpose of his soul.

So he studied under the painter of bloody revolutions with his own purpose in view.

He was not overawed by the great fame of David; he kept his own purpose. And herein again was a secret of his success. He wished to do perfect work, and he kept to his ideal. Amid the luxuries and splendors of the French capital he dreamed of the mighty forests of America that he would one day reveal to mankind through perfect pictures of its birds.

His chosen subject for life was American birds. His dream was to do perfect work.

He probably did not see at this time what the value of this work would be to the world. He may not then have had a vision of a stupendous book on ornithology. No, he was not thinking of himself, but only of this—that God had made him a lover of nature, and given him power to see her secret, and he must do perfect work for the birds of the forest and field. Perfect work—herein is the great lesson of his life.

Herein was the key-note of his ultimate success—perfect work. To do anything but perfect work would be an injustice to the winged pilgrims of the air. He had set himself to paint birds. He must be true to the bird, and he must destroy his pictures until they presented the truth.

He must know a bird and see it in its native wilds before he could paint it well. If one would succeed in any art one must pay the price. Was he willing to do it? Yes, he would gladly forsake society and become an inhabitant of the woods if that would make him the true artist. He saw what his life should be, and it was his meat and drink to pursue it.

The boy grew to young manhood and set sail for New York—new York? He could cross the city in a short walk then. Could he have dreamed that his statue one day would adorn the city when it should have more than three million inhabitants, and all because he loved America, did perfect work, and was true to the gift of his soul!

Ideals are dreams. Young Audubon returned to America with the resolution not only to dream, but to fulfil his father's hopes by "perfect work."

The admiral's own words in regard to life were as follows: "Talents and knowledge added to sound mental training, assisted by honest industry, can never fail."

In a manuscript found in a barn on Staten Island entitled "Myself" he relates a tale of the beginning of the inspiration which sought to make him the protector of birds and animals from the brutal instincts of man.

His story is as follows:

"One incident which is as perfect in my memory as if it had occurred this very day I have thought of thou-

sands of times since, and will now put on paper as one of the curious things which perhaps did lead me in after times to love birds, and to finally study them with pleasure infinite. My mother had several beautiful parrots and some monkeys; one of the latter was a full-grown male, of a very large species. One morning, while the servants were engaged in arranging the room I was in, 'pretty Polly' asking for her breakfast as usual—'*Du pain au lait pour le perroquet Mignonne*'—the man of the woods probably thought the bird presuming upon his rights in the scale of nature. Be this as it may, he certainly showed his supremacy in strength over the denizen of the air, for, walking deliberately and uprightly toward the poor bird, he at once killed it with unnatural composure. The sensations of my infant heart at this cruel sight were agony to me. I prayed the servant to beat the monkey, but he, who for some reason preferred the monkey to the parrot, refused. I uttered long and piercing cries, my mother rushed into the room, I was tranquilized, the monkey was forever afterward chained, and Mignonne buried with all the pomp of a cherished lost one.

"This made, as I have said, a very deep impression on my youthful mind."

He sometimes destroyed life for scientific purposes, but always with regret. The use of the camera has lessened even such an excuse for the destruction of innocent life. Only a mean mind and a low nature can be cruel.

While a pupil of David he witnessed many events that haunted his mind in America. Let us picture one:

It was a notable day among the scientists of Paris. Audubon was a pupil there, and the Knitter of Nantes, his old teacher, had come to the city, and he was glad to show her the galleries of art.

Excepting Napoleon, Alexander von Humboldt was the most popular man in France and the most notable one in all Europe. To meet him was to see one who was more than a king. Had he not made South America known to the world, ascended icy Chimborazo and burning Cotopaxi, mapped the Orinoco and the Amazon, discovered the isothermal lines, the periodicity of meteors, and remapped the heavens from the high Andes?

Humboldt.

What king, even Napoleon, had achieved such triumphs of human knowledge? This man was to appear at the Academy. He, too, was a lover of birds, and of all persons in the world young Audubon wished to see the great scientist whose books on the cosmos formed a library of natural history, geography, animals, birds, and plants, with more than twelve hundred copperplates.

He was to appear at the Academy, and the port-

folios of his invaluable discoveries were to be on exhibition.

Audubon, as an art student, obtained permission to see the folios of the great *savant*, and he took the Knitter with him. He loved her because she had prophesied good of him.

The two passed along the gay streets and into the halls made renowned by Cuvier. They entered the exhibition room where the priceless books lay under guard.

After they had seen them they sat down together on a seat apart from those allotted to the members of the Academy, and waited for the great Humboldt to arrive.

"He used to be a feeble boy," said the Knitter, "and they did not regard him as very bright; but he loved plants, and they called him the 'little apothecary.' He associates with kings now."

"But he lived for his cosmology," said Audubon. "He never thought of associating with kings in his early studies. He exiled himself for the true knowledge of science."

The members were coming in, many of them wearing decorations.

At last the hall rang with sudden applause. Humboldt appeared, and on his heart shone a golden star that had been given him by the Russian court. He wore the decorations of greatest royal societies.

How grand he looked—that wonderful man who had trod the summits of the Andes, sailed the unknown rivers

under the Southern Cross, and enriched the charts of the stars!

Society people took snuff in those days, or pretended to do so. It was a sign of hospitality among such men as these rather than habit, and a snuff-box was passed around.

It was made of gold, and was studded with jewels. It gleamed.

"The Emperor of Russia gives snuff-boxes to those who most benefit mankind," said the Knitter of Nantes to young Audubon. "It may be he will send you one some day."

The boy naturalist started.

"Why do you dream such things as that? It is your heart that dreams. But how dare I to say it—I see what I would most like to be in that man."

"And ideals grow," said the Knitter. "It is like the pattern seen by Moses on the Mount of Vision. The pattern became a tabernacle, the tabernacle the temple, the temple the church, and all was like a chart of heaven. A man may do what he sees."

The golden snuff-box gleamed as they passed it round. Then the speaker of the society rapped on the table, and the snuff-box vanished from sight, and all was still.

Humboldt arose, king-decorated. Why did he thus appear? He loved plants—the blooming earth. Was it not as noble to love birds—the singing world?

The "little apothecary" had studied the stars from the crystal heights of the Andes. He would one day view

them from the Ural and Altai Mountains. It was plants that had showed him the way.

The Knitter and the boy went out, and the good woman dropped these golden words on the crimsoned twilight air:

"The little apothecary? He can who thinks he can."

"If he do perfect work," answered Audubon. "Such work I will do—there lies the merit."

CHAPTER IV

YOUNG AUDUBON'S CAVE

To do perfect work in his chosen field young Audubon must live with nature. He must live so as to have clear vision.

His father had given the child Audubon a book on birds; it had proved a suggestion to his art, a guide-post to the leafy and solitary way. The progress that the child made had delighted his father, and the amiable admiral prepared to surprise the boy with another gift that would tend to enlarge his studies.

He gave him the privilege of a nature studio. And what a studio it was—a plantation in the noble State of Pennsylvania—Penn's wood—surrounded by gigantic woodlands, long meadows, and towering hills, through which wound a brook of living water, where the song-birds sang in summer and sheltered themselves in winter, where the great branches roofed the current and flowers carpeted the bank!

The estate had been purchased by his father in the days of the Revolution, and he had sent an agent to develop it.

The young painter went to the bowery Pennsylvania estate. But it was not enough that he should be shut out

from the great world in the Pennsylvania woods, even in the estate. He must have further seclusion to do the most perfect work.

There were great rocks on the woodsy estate, and in one of them was a cave. Here the natural flowers glowed among the green ferns.

The flycatchers seemed to own the cave; here was the summer city of these little pilgrims of the air. The boy Audubon wished to study these birds that came in the spring with the tropic sun on their wings.

His coming filled the colony of birds with terror. But Audubon knew how to make friends with the birds. Something seemed to teach him how to charm the eye and win the affection of a bird.

So he went out to this rock room of his great Pennsylvania studio, and sat down in kindly silence to see the gentle flycatchers come and go. He made it easy for them to fly near him, and nearer, until their tiny wings almost fanned him as they glided by.

He watched them as they built their nests. In a week the birds seemed to know him. They no longer made their nests with fear.

A pair of these birds had had a nest in the cave a year before—perhaps years before. They began to repair it. Had they remembered this nest in their semitropical wanderings?

These birds seemed to have a sense of their family hap-

piness in the coming summer. They repaired the old nest as if they were preparing for the June and July days of their growing broods. They seemed to anticipate.

Young Audubon's heart entered into these anticipations. He watched them as they lined their nest.

One day they came back with swift wings that seemed to tremble with joy. They had found some downy geese feathers, possibly torn from a goose among the briers or shed on the waters. Here was upholstery worthy of a king. They mingled it with the down lining. Then their notes rang out with exultant sweetness.

And young Audubon, in his leafy studio, sat and asked the questions that we find in the book of Job: How came these happy wings by these instincts and intuitions? Whence came these lessons of inward wisdom more wonderful than reason? When came they—where? There was a divinity behind it all. No waters flow without a source, no song fills the air without an origin, there is no evolution without an evolver.

So for the sake of doing artistic justice to this bird of the south and northern summer, Audubon became one of the family of the pewee, and was adopted by it as a spirit of the woods.

Think of a young man who had shared the luxuries of a Louisiana plantation and seen the splendors of French life finding content in a rocky cave with the pewees! But the true artist can find his home in his purpose of life, and

is only content there. Whatever happens, he must do perfect work; no other work can satisfy him. This is his tide, and the "current knows the way."

He came to Pennsylvania with the suggestion for his life. He brought, as it were, his pattern with him. How was he to fulfil this work which he saw in outline?

He must adopt the best methods of study that he could command. These methods were so interesting and decisive that we give a view of them here in his own words:

"MY STYLE OF DRAWING BIRDS

"When, as a little lad, I first began my attempts at representing birds on paper I was far from possessing much knowledge of their nature, and, like hundreds of others, when I had laid the effort aside I was under the impression that it was a finished picture of a bird because it possessed some sort of a head and tail and two sticks in lieu of legs. I never troubled myself with the thought that abutments were requisite to prevent it from falling either backward or forward; and oh, what bills and claws I did draw, to say nothing of a perfectly straight line for a back, and a tail stuck in anyhow, like an unshipped rudder!

"Many persons besides my father saw my miserable attempts, and so many praised them to the skies that perhaps no one was ever nearer being completely wrecked than I by these mistaken though affectionate words. My father, however, spoke very differently to me. He constantly im-

pressed upon me that nothing in the world possessing life and animation was easy to imitate, and that as I grew older he hoped I would become more and more alive to this. He was so kind to me, and so deeply interested in my improvement, that to have listened carelessly to his serious words would have been highly ungrateful. I listened less to others, more to him, and his words became my law."

He was growing now. He thus continues:

"The first collection of drawings I made were from European specimens, procured by my father or myself, and I still have them in my possession. They were all represented *strictly ornithologically*, which means neither more nor less than in stiff, unmeaning profiles, such as are found in most works published to the present day. My next set was begun in America, and there, without my honored mentor, I betook myself to the drawing of specimens hung by a string tied to one foot, having a desire to show every portion, as the wings lay loosely spread, as well as the tail. In this manner I made some pretty fair signs for poulterers.

"One day, while watching the habits of a pair of pewees at Mill Grove I looked so intently at their graceful attitudes that a thought struck my mind like a flash of light, that nothing, after all, could ever answer my enthusiastic desires to represent nature except to copy her in her own way, alive and moving! Then I began again. On I went, forming, literally, hundreds of outlines of my favorites, the pewees; how good or bad I can not tell, but I

fancied I had mounted a step on the high pinnacle before me. I continued for months together simply outlining birds as I observed them, either alighted or on the wing, but could finish none of my sketches. I procured many individuals of different species, and laying them on the table or on the ground, tried to place them in such attitudes as I had sketched. But alas! they were *dead*, to all intents and purposes, and neither wing, leg, nor tail could I place according to my wishes. A second thought came to my assistance. By means of threads I raised or lowered a head, wing or tail, and by fastening the threads securely I had something like life before me; yet much was wanting. When I saw the living birds I felt the blood rush to my temples, and almost in despair spent about a month without drawing, but in deep thought, and daily in the company of the feathered inhabitants of dear Mill Grove.

"I had drawn from the manikin while under David, and had obtained tolerable figures of our species through this means, so I cogitated how far a manikin of a bird would answer. I labored with mud, cork, and wires, and formed a grotesque figure, which I can not describe in any other words than by saying that when set up it was a tolerable-looking dodo. A friend roused my ire by laughing at it immoderately, and assuring me that if I wished to represent a tame gander it might do. I gave it a kick, broke it to atoms, walked off, and thought again.

"Young as I was, my impatience to obtain my desire

filled my brains with many plans. I not infrequently dreamed that I had made a new discovery; and long before day one morning I leaped out of bed fully persuaded that I had attained my object. I ordered a horse to be saddled, mounted, and went off at a gallop toward the little village of Norristown, distant about five miles. When I arrived there not a door was open, for it was not yet daylight. Therefore I went to the river, took a bath, and, returning to the town, entered the first open shop, inquired for wires of different sizes, bought some, leaped on my steed, and was soon again at Mill Grove. The wife of my tenant, I really believe, thought that I was mad, as, on offering me breakfast, I told her I only wanted my gun. I was off to the creek, and shot the first kingfisher I met. I picked the bird up, carried it home by the bill, sent for the miller, and bade him bring me a piece of board of soft wood. When he returned he found me filing sharp points to some pieces of wire, and I proceeded to show him what I meant to do. I pierced the body of the fishing bird, and fixed it on the board; another wire passed above his upper mandible held the head in a pretty fair attitude, smaller ones fixed the feet according to my notions, and even common pins came to my assistance. The last wire proved a delightful elevator to the bird's tail, and at last there stood before me the *real* kingfisher.

"Think not that my lack of breakfast was at all in my way. No, indeed! I outlined the bird, aided by compasses

and my eyes, colored it, finished it, without a thought of hunger. My honest miller stood by the while, and was delighted to see me pleased. This is what I shall call my first drawing actually from nature, for even the eye of the kingfisher was as if full of life whenever I pressed the lids aside with my finger.

"In those happy days of my youth I was extremely fond of reading what I still call the delightful fables of La Fontaine. I had frequently perused the one entitled L'hirondelle et les petits oiseaux, and thought much of the meaning imparted in the first line, which, if I now recollect rightly, goes on to say that 'quiconque a beaucoup vu, peut avoir beaucoup retenu.' To me this meant that to study nature was to ramble through her domains late and early, and if I observed all as I should, that the memory of what I saw would at least be of service to me.

"'Early to bed and early to rise' was another adage which I thought, and still think, of much value; 'tis a pity that instead of being merely an adage it has not become a general law. I have followed it ever since I was a child, and am ever grateful for the hint it conveyed.

"As I wandered, mostly bent on the study of birds, and with a wish to represent all those found in our woods to the best of my powers, I gradually became acquainted with their forms and habits, and the use of my wires was improved by constant practice. Whenever I produced a better representation of any species the preceding one was

destroyed, and after a time I laid down what I was pleased to call a constitution of my manner of drawing birds, formed upon natural principles, which I will try to put briefly before you.

"The gradual knowledge of the forms and habits of the birds of our country impressed me with the idea that each part of a family must possess a certain degree of affinity, distinguishable at sight in any one of them. The pewees, which I knew by experience were positively fly-catchers, led me to the discovery that every bird truly of that genus when standing was usually in a passive attitude; that they sat uprightly, now and then glancing their eyes upward or sidewise, to watch the approach of their insect prey; that if in pursuit of this prey their movements through the air were in each and all of that tribe the same, etc.

"Gallinaceous birds I saw were possessed of movements and positions peculiar to them. Among the water birds also I found characteristic manners. I observed that the herons walked with elegance and stateliness; that, in fact, every family had some mark by which it could be known; and, after having collected many ideas and much material of this kind, I fairly began, in greater earnest than ever, the very collection of birds of America which is now being published.

"The better I understood my subjects, the better I became able to represent them in what I hoped were natu-

ral positions. The bird once fixed with wires on squares, I studied as a lay figure before me, its nature, previously known to me as far as habits went, and its general form having been frequently observed. Now I could examine more thoroughly the bill, nostrils, eyes, legs, and claws, as well as the structure of the wings and tail; the very tongue was of importance to me, and I thought the more I understood all these particulars the better representations I made of the originals.

"My drawings at first were made altogether in water-colors, but they wanted softness and a great deal of finish. For a long time I was much dispirited at this, particularly when vainly endeavoring to imitate birds of soft and downy plumage, such as that of most owls, pigeons, hawks, and herons. How this could be remedied required a new train of thought or some so-called accident, and the latter came to my aid.

"One day, after having finished a miniature portrait of the one dearest to me in all the world, a portion of the face was injured by a drop of water, which dried where it fell; and although I labored a great deal to repair the damage, the blur still remained. Recollecting that when a pupil of David I had drawn heads and figures in different-colored chalks, I resorted to a piece of that material of the tint required for the part, applied the pigment, rubbed the place with a cork stump, and at once produced the desired effect.

"My drawings of owls and other birds of similar plumage were much improved by such applications; indeed, after a few years of patience, some of my attempts began almost to please me, and I have continued the same style ever since, and that now is for more than thirty years.

"While traveling in Europe as well as America, many persons have evinced the desire to draw birds in my manner, and I have always felt much pleasure in showing it to any one by whom I hoped ornithological delineations or portraitures would be improved."

Such was his story, and in trying to do perfect work his purpose in life grew. Would he ever be able to fulfil the old Knitter's vision?

CHAPTER V

A STRANGE ADVENTURE ON THE ICE—A WEDDING JOURNEY IN AN "ARK"

The beautiful farm on the Schuylkill, which the elder Audubon had secured during the Revolution, was called Mill Grove. The house was fine, after the Pennsylvania Dutch manner, and we may suppose that it contained one of the first portraits of General Washington. For just before the terrible scenes of suffering that followed the encampment of the American army at Valley Forge Washington presented a portrait of himself, by an artist named Polk, to Captain Audubon, which the captain, or "admiral," highly valued, and it is hardly probable that he had removed it to Nantes at this time.

Near Mill Grove, and in view of it, was a mansion called Flatland Ford, where lived Mr. William Bakewell, an English gentleman. One frosty morning young Audubon chanced to meet Mr. Bakewell in the woods. The Englishman, too, loved nature, birds, and flowers. The new country was full of promise to him.

He had a lovely daughter named Lucy, who had her father's tastes. She heard the birds sing with delight.

Young Audubon fell deeply in love with Lucy the first time he saw her, and his love never abated. He married her in the spring of 1808, and the two left their noble estates among the primeval trees of the Schuylkill for Louisville, Ky.

At this period of life Audubon became fond of fine clothes, and he afterward ridicules himself for his vanity at this time.

His passion for nature partly abated. He drew around him a social circle on the Schuylkill.

Among the winter sports of these days was skating, which became a fine art.

The skating parties took place at night under full moons and crystal stars. The air was keen, the ice-fields glittered, and the shores were lined with firs, which gleamed. There were air-holes in the ice, but accidents rarely happened on that account.

One evening in the weak period of his pleasures and fineries he led a party over the smooth ice toward the roosting grounds of the wild duck. He fastened a white handkerchief on a stick, and held it high in air as a signal. Then his feet flew in graceful curves, and his voice led the merry skaters and shouters.

The hilarity waxed warm. He increased his speed, and the skaters who followed him flew onward after him as for life.

Suddenly an air-hole appeared directly before him. He

could not retard his pace. Down into the cold stream he went. His comrades saw him disappear with a feeling of horror.

Under the ice was an open space, a sort of air-chamber, and a swift current. He was numbed by the chill, but he felt himself borne along under the ice as by invisible arms.

"My senses," he says, "must, for aught I know, have left me for a while."

He was thus borne along for some thirty or forty yards, when the sky again shone above him, and he found himself lifted up, as by arms of the air. He had come to another air-hole. He seized the ice and crawled up. He rose, as it were, from an icy tomb.

His companions saw him thus rising, and shouted. They tore his clothes from him, and each gave him some part of his own clothing.

Thus he flew back again, as it were, more swiftly than when he came, and a curious object indeed he presented at his own doors, filling the people with astonishment.

His wedding journey down the Ohio to Louisville was on a kind of raft, or flatboat, called an ark. The woods were full of spring birds, and he began to interest his bride in his original plans of painting. Robins flying north must have haunted the early woods with their songs. River birds were everywhere. His bride entered into his dreams of becoming a great naturalist.

The Knitter of Nantes was not here to encourage him,

but a prophecy had gone forth from Mill Grove that the young bridegroom would become a naturalist. Nothing helps one like good prophecies—words of appreciation build.

He says of his April wedding journey:

"We floated down the Ohio in a flatboat. We had many goods, and opened a large store in Louisville, but birds were birds then as now, and my thoughts were ever turning toward them as my greatest delight."

In 1809 Victor Audubon was born, who would as a boy become his father's companion in the woods, and later in life complete his father's work.

CHAPTER VI

A PEDLER WITH A FACE LIKE A BIRD

Audubon was on the verge of manhood.

This was the happy period of his life. The sowing in the springtime and the joy of anticipation are inspiring. He was fulfilling the divine law within him. He knew not that any other man in America had a purpose like this.

But there was one. His introduction to Audubon was in this singular manner:

Audubon, after studying the birds of the Pennsylvania woods, went from the regions of the Schuylkill to Louisville, Ky., then a pioneer town. Here one day a strange face appeared to him—a man with a face like a bird.

This man had a long, hooked nose, keen and restless eyes, high cheek-bones, and a singularly beak-like visage. One might think that his face was a birthmark.

He came out of the woods as from an eagle's nest. He said to Audubon:

"I have a work that I wish to show you. I hear that you are interested in birds."

"Do you take an interest in birds?" asked Audubon.

"I give my life to the study of birds. I picture birds, and I have a collection of pictures which I wish to sell. I want your subscription to my book on birds."

Audubon was greatly surprised. He may not at that time have definitely planned his own great work on birds to be sold by subscriptions. But here was a man who had his own passion for revealing to the world the birds of the American forests.

"Who are you, stranger? Where were you born?"

"At Paisley, in Scotland, in 1776. My people were simple folk, and they wished me to become a minister. I was apprenticed to a weaver. I used to write poetry and sell my poems by subscription, and I knew Robert Burns, and my poems were often taken for his. Poetry kept me poor, and I became despondent; so I came to the New World, and worked in a printer's shop in Philadelphia.

"There, as I wandered along the Schuylkill, I found something about which the great world did not know. Birds. They are poets of the air, poets of the trees, and my heart went out to the birds. Then I became a pedler, and wandered through the forests from town to town, studying the ways of birds. Birds can sing the poetry that I can not write.

"I made up for my poor education by teaching. Then I studied botany. I visited the Mohawk Valley. I found new birds. I heard new songs. I began to paint birds. I have printed a collection of bird pictures, and am trying

to sell it. I hope you will help me in the work by subscribing to one of my books."

Audubon saw his own spirit and purpose in this strange forest pedler and wandering teacher. To use Audubon's own words:

"How well I remember him as he walked up to me! His long, rather hooked nose, the keenness of his eyes, and his prominent cheek-bones stamped his countenance with a peculiar character."

Audubon was then thirty years of age.

"I too," he said to the wandering lover of birds, "am engaged in the same studies as yourself. Let me examine your collection." He was surprised to find in this collection some birds that he had never seen. The man's name was Alexander Wilson.

He lent to Mr. Wilson some of his own plates, and the latter went on his way. This man published a notable work on American Ornithology and died a martyr to science. He slept in the woods and lived on fruits and berries, and brought upon himself a mortal sickness by following a rare bird through a river. He never married.

He may have suggested to Audubon the method of

painting a great work and selling it by personal subscriptions. We do not know but Audubon followed this method.

It is often the case that two people who are entire strangers to each other are found to be pursuing the same studies in a new field. Wilson did a noble work as a naturalist, but he was surpassed by the "American woodman" whom he met at Louisville. Each had the genius of the woods, and heard in the songs of birds divine music and the true beating of nature's heart.

CHAPTER VII

A HERBMAN OF SINGLE SIGHT WHO WAS LAUGHED AT—THE HERB DOCTOR

The Pioneers of Science in America, published in 1896, has done justice to a most remarkable man who came to meet Audubon in a queer way indeed, while Audubon was living in Kentucky. After the manner that Audubon trained his eye to discover new birds and new habits of birds, this man educated himself to find new plants. To find a new medicinal herb filled him with such delight that he would leap about with the simplicity of a monkey or a boy.

As Audubon was wandering one day along a river, peering into the boughs for birds, he suddenly beheld this curious-looking man landing from a boat with a great bundle of herbs on his back. He stopped to wonder at the herbman, when the latter ran toward him, saying:

"Say, good man, can you direct me to the house of Mr. Audubon? He studies birds; I study plants; we both love nature."

"I am Mr. Audubon—probably the man whom you seek. I will lead you to my house."

The herbman clapped his hands together with a childish delight, and said:

"I have a letter of introduction to you."

The herbman handed the letter to Audubon, and the latter read it to his great astonishment. It was as follows:

"My dear Audubon: I send you an odd fish, which may prove to be undescribed. If so, I hope that you will let me have an account in your next letter.

"Believe me, always your friend,

"B."

"But," asked Audubon, "where is the odd fish that our friend has sent me?"

"I am that odd fish, Mr. Audubon."

"You! Let me send to your boat for your baggage!"

"Bless you, I have no baggage only what I carry on my back. I am a botanist. I am always looking for something new."

At home with Audubon, the "odd fish" began to examine the naturalist's portfolios for a new herb.

His eye fell upon one that he thought was new. The sight filled him with delight.

"That herb is not new," said Audubon. "It grows here."

"No, no!"

"I will show you one to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow," said the enthusiast. "Let us go out and find it now."

Audubon led him to the riverside. When the "odd fish" saw the plant he acted like a madman.

"Plucking the plants mercilessly one after another," says Audubon, "he danced and hugged them in his arms and seemed in a delirium of delight."

There were queer times in Audubon's home while this trained plant-finder remained there.

As the "odd fish" was discoursing on the strength of the beetle one evening, he said:

"A little flying beetle could draw that candlestick and candle along the table."

"I would like to see it done," said Audubon.

His visitor attached a tiny beetle to the ring of the candlestick. The little insect drew it along the table until the candlestick fell over the edge of the table to the floor, when the scarabæus flew away.

One summer night some bats entered the botanist's room, and he thought that he saw among them some new species. Not a moment must be lost; he must secure a specimen at once. The world of science was waiting for it. But how was he to capture a bat?

Audubon describes the amazing conduct of the man in this new frenzy of delight:

"After a day's pursuit of natural-history studies, the stranger was accommodated with a bed in an attic room.

We had all retired to rest; every person I imagined was in deep slumber save myself, when of a sudden I heard a great uproar in the naturalist's room. I got up, reached the place in a few moments, and opened the door, when, to my astonishment, I saw my guest running naked, holding the handle of my favorite violin, the body of which he had battered to pieces against the walls in attempting to kill the bats which had entered by the open window, probably attracted by the insects flying around his candle. I stood amazed, and he continued jumping and running round and round until he was fairly exhausted, when he begged me to procure one of the animals for him, as he felt convinced they belonged to a 'new species.' Although I was convinced of the contrary, I took up the bow of my demolished Cremona, and administering a smart tap to each of the bats as it came up, soon got specimens enough. The war ended, I again bade him good night, but could not help observing the state of the room. It was strewed with plants, which had been previously arranged with care."

Audubon also describes his visit with the herbman to a cane-brake:

"The cane-brake is composed of a dense growth of canes, measuring twenty or thirty feet in height, and packed so closely that a man's body requires to be forced between the shafts of the canes. An undergrowth of plants and trailing climbers further prevents progression, which has to be accelerated by pushing the back between

the canes. Game of all sorts frequent the cane-brakes, in which traveling is rendered disagreeably exciting by the presence of bears, panthers, snakes, and serpents [*sic*]. The cane-brakes are sometimes set fire to, and the water collected in the separate joints explodes like a shell. The constant fusillade occasioned by such explosions in the midst of a conflagration has occasioned the flight of parties not conversant with the cause, and who believed that the Indians were advancing with volleys of musketry. I had determined that my companion should view a cane-brake in all its perfection, and leading him several miles in a direct course came upon as fine a sample as existed in that part of the country. We entered, and for some time proceeded without much difficulty, as I led the way and cut down the canes which were most likely to incommode him. The difficulties gradually increased, so that we were presently obliged to turn our backs and push our way through.

"After a while we came upon the top of a fallen tree, which so obstructed our passage that we were on the eve of going round, instead of thrusting ourselves through among the branches, when from its bed in the center of the tangled mass forth rushed a bear with such force that my friend became terror-struck, and in his haste to escape made a desperate attempt to run, but fell among the canes in such a way that he was completely jammed. I could not refrain from laughing at the ridiculous exhibition he made, but my gaiety was not very pleasing to the dis-

comfited naturalist. A thunder-storm with a deluge of rain completed our experience of the cane-brake, and my friend begged to be taken out. This could only be accomplished by crawling in a serpentine manner out of the jungle, from which the naturalist was delighted to escape, perfectly overcome with fatigue and fear. The eccentric was more than gratified with the exploit, and soon after left my abode without explanation or farewell. A letter of thanks, however, showed that he had enjoyed the hospitality, and was not wanting in gratitude."

This singular man who had trained his eye to see what was new in the botanical world was Constantine Samuel Rafinesque. He was born in Constantinople in 1783. Though born a Greek, he was brought up in Marseilles. He read books of travel and began to study plants, and at the age of eleven he made a herbarium. He resolved to become a merchant, as that would enable him to travel and to see plants by the way. He came to America at the time of the French Revolution, and saw what a pioneer botanist could do for the new and wonderful country. He developed a passion to make American medical plants known to the world. In his wanderings among the Indians he became persuaded that the American Indians were descendants of the lost Israelitish tribes, who crossed Siberia to the New World, possibly by Bering Strait. He became the author of "Medical Flora of the United States." He died in poverty at Philadelphia in 1840, but

his works on conchology were republished in 1864, and what was valuable in his researches received the attention of Prof. Asa Gray. He lived for a time at Robert Owen's communistic settlement at New Harmony, Ind.

He was a fanciful man, of a child nature, but that eye turned for one thing rendered the world great service as a pioneer botanist in America. Laughed at though he was, Rafinesque was a hero of science. Yet no man seems to know the place of his grave.

THE HERB DOCTOR

Both Audubon and Wilson liked to meet native naturalists. Let us tell you a story of Wilson.

Some miles from a forest inn there dwelt a hermit. He had turned away from the world to find relief from the disappointments of a too sensitive nature in the voices of the solitudes. He seems to have believed what was good in all the plans of nature, and he had left mankind in order to study the beneficence of God among the animals, birds, and insects.

They called him the Solitary.

He lived in a hut made by his own hands. It was near the mouth of a cave to which he could retire, and in it there were to be heard echoes loud and long.

He was a philosopher. He came out of the woods a few times a year to the tavern store to purchase a few necessary things. Wilson, the gentle ornithologist, heard of

him, and had an interview with him, for he thought a man who had so long lived in the woods must have a very intelligent knowledge of the habits of the winged creatures, and that he could obtain very useful information from him. On one side of the simple cabin rose a large mountain, around which the storms gathered. The man had had no education in books, and he determined to study the book of nature as a revelation of God.

"He appears to be a stranger," said Wilson, "as one of the early inhabitants of the earth."

"Within a stone's throw of his hut," he continues, "a deep enormous chasm extends up the mountain for more than four miles, through which a large body of water surges in loud and successive falls."

The hermit was a botanist, and loved to gather herbs and to study their uses and beneficial effects.

He studied the chemistry of the soil, and the effects of different soils on grains.

He learned how to doctor sick animals. People from a distance came to him to treat disabled horses and oxen. The hermit was ready to go on such errands; his heart was in such work.

As a result of these studies in the woods he came to see what useful work the birds did in the interest of the gardener. He also saw the value of insects as purifiers of the air.

We have seldom met in books a more beautiful character than this solitary man as described by Wilson.

We must give you a passage by Wilson on this benefactor, as the former found him. It will bear reading twice:

"About six months ago I went to pay him a visit, along with an intimate friend, no less remarkable for a natural curiosity. On arriving at his little hut we found, to our no small disappointment, that he was from home. As my friend, however, had never been in that part of the country before, I conducted him to the glen, to take a view of some of the beautifully romantic scenes and wild prospects that this place affords. We had not proceeded far along the bottom of the vale when, hearing a rustling among the branches above our heads, I discovered our hoary botanist, with his basket, passing along the brow of a rock that hung almost over the center of the stream. Having pointed him out to my companion, we were at a loss for some time to bring about a conversation with him. Having, however, a flute in my pocket, of which music he is exceedingly fond, I began a few airs, which, by the sweetness of the echoes, was heightened into the most enchanting melody.

"This had its desired effect; and our little man stood beside us, with his basket in his hand. On stopping at his approach, he desired us to proceed, complimented us on the sweetness of our music, expressed the surprise he

was in on hearing it, and leaning his basket on an old trunk, listened with all the enthusiasm of rapture. He then, at our request, presented us with a sight of the herbs he had been collecting, and entertained us with a narrative of the discoveries he had made in his frequent researches through the vale, 'which,' said he, 'contains treasures that few know the value of.'

"Seeing us pleased with this discourse, he launched forth into a more particular account of the vegetables, reptiles, wild beasts, and insects that frequented the place, and with much judgment explained their various properties. 'Were it not,' says he, 'for the innumerable millions of insects, I believe dead carcasses and other putrid substances might have dreadful effects; but no sooner does a carcass begin to grow putrid than these insects, led by the smell, flock to the place, and there deposit their eggs, which in a few days produce such a number of maggots that the carcass is soon consumed. While they are thus employed below, the parent flies are no less busy in devouring the noxious vapors that incessantly ascend; thus the air by these insects is kept sweet and pure, till the storms of winter render their existence unnecessary, and at once destroy them. And Heaven, that has formed nothing in vain, exhibits these things for our contemplation, that we may adore that all-bounteous Creator who makes even the most minute and seemingly destructive creatures subservient to the good of man.'

"In such a manner did this poor and illiterate peasant moralize on the common occurrences of nature; these glorious and invaluable truths did he deduce from vile reptiles, the unheeded insect, the simple herb that lies neglected or is trodden under foot as useless and offensive; and what friend to mankind does not, on contemplating this hoary rustic's story, fondly wish, with its writer, that learning had lent its aid to polish a genius that might have one day surprised the world with the glorious blaze of a Locke or a Newton?"

At the close of an autumn day this beneficent old man came to the Forest Inn to exchange some herbs for things he would need in the approaching cold weather.

Having met Wilson, and read in him the true character of a naturalist, he cherished the memory of the poet naturalist in his solitude, and when he heard that another naturalist, a young man by the name of Audubon, was searching the woods from river to river for the same purpose that he himself had in going into the woods to live, he hoped he would meet him some day; he thought that they must be kindred souls.

The meeting, as we well suppose, came on this visit to the inn. While he was having his herbs and barks weighed a vigorous young man came down into the store from the upper rooms.

"This is Audubon, the naturalist," said Calvert, the

innkeeper, to him, adding, "The herb-gatherer is something of a naturalist himself."

"I am something of a student of nature," said the herb-gatherer. "They call me old because I am a man of the woods. I am not very old. I am glad to find you studying the woods. I hope that you will come to see, like me, that all things were created for some good purpose."

The two sat down under the trees in the early afternoon and talked until sundown.

"I have given up everything for science," said Audubon. "People say that I lack common sense; there are few who believe in me."

Audubon went to his room, and Calvert came out to talk with the hermit.

"He has given up everything," said the hermit, referring to Audubon. "He can see clear. Let me prophesy —he will one day become an interpreter of the woods, and his influence will grow when all the people who laugh at him are forgotten.

"I shall come to the store more often to hear the papers read, and I will hear from him again some day. That man is living to do good in the animal world. The forests call him to explain them. He wishes to leave all dumb life better for his existence. Mark my words, you will hear of that man again."

"No, my good woodman, he will never attain to any success. What is there in him to give him power?"

"Ah," said the hermit, "success lies in the true purpose of life. A man may gain wealth and be a failure; he may have popular reputation and lack worth; and he may be moral with these, and also benevolent for selfish ends, and yet not be a success. Success lies in good influence, and if a man have good influence he will be moral.

"The one requirement of true success is that a man should be an influence for good in the world, and make all things better and happier. Audubon has this success in his purpose in life, and he will have it in the results of his life. A man's harvests show the life that he has lived."

"But it will be a wonder indeed if this man who paints wrens and lets them go again ever has any influence beyond his own nose."

"He paints wrens and lets them go again? Therein lies a secret that you do not yet see."

CHAPTER VIII

THE GENIUS THAT SEES—THE STORY OF THE FOREST INN AND THE WREN

The father of Audubon, the French admiral, left a goodly estate in France, but the French members of the family stood in need of it, and Audubon surrendered his claim upon it under a sense of duty, as the other heirs needed the property more than he.

"I will go into the world conscience free," he reasoned.

The old schoolmistress, the Knitter of Nantes, rejoiced at the decision. She saw the secret webs of life.

"A clear conscience makes clear sight," said she. "Laforest [Audubon's home name] must become a great naturalist, and nature does not reveal her deepest meanings to any mind that is clouded with any specks of character. Selfishness is a speck on the eyes, as anything is that does not leave the conscience free to see. Laforest is pursuing the right course if he wishes to be a student of nature. It it the giving up of oneself that makes the wings of conscience free."

Audubon felt the force and truth of this principle of

art. His friends, too, saw in his giving up the legacy the gravitation of an honest purpose.

The principle of keeping his conscience free for its own sake and for the sake of the power it gave him as an artist continued through life.

In Henderson, Ky., he entered into a business that proved disastrous. He failed. He could have kept some part of his property by evasions.

To do so would be to lower his self-respect and be unjust to the *morale* of his art. He might be empty-handed, but he must have a clear vision. He must see nature without any obscurity. He must do just right, or fail to rise to the highest interpretation of the natural world.

If my reader is an artist or desiring to be one, he should note this principle, as illustrated by Audubon.

The following paragraphs from his own journal give a view of that inner obedience to spiritual law which alone can make a man great:

"From this date my pecuniary difficulties daily increased. I had heavy bills to pay which I could not meet or take up. The moment that this became known to the world around me, that moment I was assailed by thousands of invectives; the once wealthy man was now nothing. I parted with every particle of property I had to my creditors, keeping only the clothes that I wore, my original drawings, and my gun.

"Finally, I paid every bill, and at last left Henderson, probably forever, without a dollar in my pockets.

"My plantation in Pennsylvania had been sold, and nothing was left me but my humble talents.

"Were these talents to remain dormant under such exigencies? Was I to see my beloved Lucy and children suffer for want of bread in the abundant State of Kentucky? Was I to repine because I acted like an honest man?

"No. I had talents, and to them I instantly resorted."

His gifts had been made more valuable by this integrity of character. They had grown. He went to nature with a clear vision, and his noble wife, who had been brought up in luxury, now with an infant in her arms, sustained him in what he had done.

He turned his gifts to portrait painting for the sake of his family, but he suddenly discovered a new power in his work.

He thus speaks of this enlargement of his talents in his journals:

"My drawings of birds were not neglected meantime. I would even give up drawing a portrait, the profits of which would have supplied the wants of my family for a week or more, to represent a little citizen of the feathered tribe.

"Nay, my dear sons, *I thought that I now drew birds*

"The Bird of Washington."

far better than I had ever done before misfortune intensified, or at least developed, my abilities."

Genius grows through moral power, and is diminished by anything that weakens force of character.

Audubon was laughed at.

"No one but my wife and sons believed in me," he says in his journals.

When he came to a cabin or an inn and told his story of painting winks went around.

"Hunting for nothing," said the hunters. "Catching birds that one can not eat," said the farmers. Men made merry over him when he came to the stores to buy powder and supplies for his long journeys.

It was at the close of a long summer day and the setting sun was burning through the trees.

A party of farmers had gathered on the steps of the grocery store of the Forest Inn, under the oaks, when Calvert looked up the high hill near the store and said to the others:

"There comes Audubon down the hill; been out to hunt a chickadee or a wren. Of all the lazy, shiftless, no-account men that I ever saw or heard of, he is the *beater!*"

The men looked up the hill.

"Look at him now!" continued Calvert. "He is bringing home one little bird, and that a live one. He has failed in business in Kentucky, and they say that he gave up his

property in France to his relatives, and that his wife, who was born in a house as good as a palace, has to teach for a living. That man must be crazy."

"But there is one thing in which he never fails," said one of the men; "it is in painting birds. Did you ever see one of his painted birds?"

"No; but here he comes, with a little bird in his hand. Just look at him! See how pleased he looks! If he had brought home a diamond he would not be more happy. How queerly constituted some folks are!"

Audubon came to the resting-place on the steps of the store under the oaks. He hardly noticed the men.

"What have you got now, Audubon?" asked Calvert. "I see—one wee little mountain wren. I declare, if I hadn't a scent for some bigger game than that I would go and put my head in soak and curl up and die. What good does it do to paint birds? Suppose you could paint all the birds in America, what good would it do?"

"I would have painted the birds of America."

"But it would bring you no money."

"But I would have painted the birds."

"And your family would be kept poor."

"But I would have lived my true life."

"Well, yes; but what a life to live! Go out as you do into the forests, and lie down and doze under a tree, then see a little no-account bird come along, and study him! See

him hop this way and that way, and weave his nest and line it, and sing this note and that note—and all for what? To be remembered only as a vagabond."

"You may hear from me and my work again some day."

"Your work! What work did you ever do? You give away your property and fail, and then leave your wife and lie about under trees and catch birds and paint 'em. I wouldn't give one penny for all the painted birds in America!"

Audubon did not seem to hear these last remarks; if he did, he did not heed them. His eye was bent on the little fluttering bird, whom he addressed:

"I will make a sketch of you right off now, and then I will let you go to your mate in the mountains."

He started to go up-stairs.

"Mr. Audubon," said the store-tavern keeper, "your supper has been waiting for you an hour."

"I can not stop for supper now."

"But the table can not wait; the maids have other work to do."

"Well, never mind. What does it matter whether I have my supper to-night or no? Tell them to clear away the dishes. See what I have found—a real mountain wren! I have been looking for a specimen like this for years. The world shall see it some day."

Audubon passed up the stairs to his room.

"The world!" said Calvert. "He said 'the world.' What can that man be thinking about?"

The men echoed, "The world!"

"He thinks," said Calvert, "that the world will one day see that poor little wren—the King of England, it may be, 'The world'!"

"And Emperor of all the Russias," added another. "What an imagination that man must have!"

"The Emperor Rushia?" echoed the men. All laughed gaily, then each one went his way.

We shall return to the Forest Inn again.

Victor? He pursued his way alone; he sought few pleasures, he made few friends. He saw his father's great purpose in life, and he gave his own life to that—his heart, his thought, and all the best that was in him. He lived in his purpose and was happy.

He heard his father ridiculed, sneered at. What of that? All people of high and original ideas have been laughed at—all scientists, like Franklin, all people of original views and purposes in the long past.

Such are called visionary. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

CHAPTER IX

VICTOR, THE SON OF AUDUBON — FATHER AND SON IN THE FOREST—FOREST TALES—PARTRIDGE LAND—AN OLD KENTUCKY FOURTH OF JULY

Audubon was a loving father. He had two sons, who became companions of his long journeys, John and Victor, and one day he said to Victor, a boy just entering his teens:

"I am about to make a long journey of two or three hundred miles along the Ohio and Green Rivers. The very sight of the Ohio River fills me with joy."

"But you will not go alone?" asked his son.

"I have been alone on many a journey as long and hard."

"But I was a child then. Now I am a boy. I want to go with you. I can walk."

"We will have to share the living of the woods," said Audubon; "pork and grated corn and beds of leaves."

"That does not matter if I can be with you."

They set out, if not hand in hand yet heart in heart, Audubon stopping to listen to the notes of every new songbird that appeared among the tangled boughs and canebrakes.

All houses and cabins, as well as taverns, were opened to travelers in those rude times.

He describes this journey in a most picturesque way. At one point he says: "Thousands of robins were flying southward in the calm clear air; the Ohio was spread before us as smooth as a mirror, and into its waters we leaped with pleasure."

So they journeyed on, father and son, each sharing each other's delight in nature.

Queer people they met, but always people with open hearts and doors.

Among the cabins that they visited, stopping there for food and lodging, was one which Audubon calls the lazy man's. He says:

"On arriving at the cabin of the lazy man, blessed with an industrious wife and six healthy children, all of them laboring for his support, we were welcomed by a woman whose manners and speech indicated that she belonged to the better class of people.

"Better breakfast we never ate. The bread was made of new corn ground on a tin grater [think of the time when families *grated* their own meal!], the chickens were cooked by the daughters; coffee was added, and my son had fresh milk.

"The kind woman, who held her babe against her bosom, seemed delighted to see how heartily we ate."

It probably did her good to so enter into a traveler's

enjoyment. Audubon gave a dollar to a chubby little urchin, which must have filled the child's eyes with wonder.

The two went away, the children of the family after breakfast went to their work, and the lazy man went to the door to smoke his corn-cob pipe.

There were many families of this description on the Ohio at the time—families in which the wife and children made up for the indolence of the father, and sometimes *vice versa.* But the children of these mismatched families often turned out well; the fact that their pride was hurt seemed to give them energy.

Victor at last became exhausted with his journey. Says Audubon:

"My son became faint. Dear boy, never can I forget him as he lay down on a log, large tears rolling down his cheeks. I bathed his temples."

A fine turkey cock ran by.

"Look there, Victor!" said Audubon.

The boy saw the bird and gave a leap. He called into himself new energy and ran after the bird. When he came back he was so invigorated that he was able to take up his journey.

Day by day the sun rose in splendor, and "the Ohio reflected its beams."

So they journeyed on amid brakes and barrens, meeting strange people in solitary cabins.

Audubon, on a like journey with his son, gives the fol-

lowing picture of the hospitality at an old pioneer's cabin, ending with an anecdote comical indeed:

"Off we went at a round trot, dancing in the cart like peas in a sieve. The road, which was just wide enough to allow us to pass, was full of deep ruts and covered here and there with trunks and stumps, over all which we were hurried. Our conductor, Mr. Flint, the landlord of the tavern, boasting of his perfect knowledge of the country, undertook to drive us by a short cut, and we willingly confided ourselves to his management. So we jogged along, now and then deviating to double the fallen timber. Day commenced with promise of fine weather, but several nights of white frost having occurred, a change was expected. To our sorrow, the change took place long before we got to the road again. The rain fell in torrents; the thunder bellowed; the lightning blazed. It was now evening, but the storm had brought perfect night, black and dismal. Our cart had no cover. Cold and wet, we sat silent and melancholy, with no better expectation than that of passing the night under the little shelter the cart could afford us.

"To stop was considered worse than to proceed. So we gave the reins to the horses, with some faint hope that they would drag us out of our forlorn state. Of a sudden the steeds altered their course, and soon after we perceived the glimmer of a faint light in the distance, and almost at the same moment heard the barking of dogs. Our horses stopped by a high fence and fell a-neighing, while I hal-

looed at such a rate that an answer was speedily obtained. The next moment a flaming pine torch crossed the gloom, and advanced to the spot where we stood. The negro boy who bore it, without waiting to question us, enjoined us to follow the fence, and said that master had sent him to show the strangers to the house. We proceeded, much relieved, and soon reached the gate of a little yard, in which a small cabin was perceived.

"A tall, fine-looking young man stood in the open door, and desired us to get out of the cart and walk in. We did so, when the following conversation took place:

"'A bad night this, strangers. How came you to be along the fence? You certainly must have lost your way, for there is no public road within twenty miles.'

"'Ay,' answered Mr. Flint, 'sure enough we lost our way. But, thank God! we have got to a house; and thank *you* for your reception.'

"'Reception!' replied the woodsman. 'No very great thing, after all. You are all here safe, and that's enough. —Eliza,' turning to his wife, 'see about some victuals for the strangers.—And you, Jupiter,' addressing the negro lad, 'bring some wood and mend the fire.—Eliza, call the boys up, and treat the strangers the best way you can.—Come, gentlemen, pull off your wet clothes, and draw to the fire.—Eliza, bring some socks and a shirt or two.'

"For my part, kind reader, knowing my countrymen as I do, I was not much struck at all this; but my son, who

had scarcely reached the age of thirteen, drew near to me, and observed how pleasant it was to meet with such good people.

"To all appearance the united ages of the pair under whose roof we had found shelter did not exceed two score. Their means seemed barely sufficient to render them comfortable, but the generosity of their young hearts had no limits. The cabin was new. The logs of which it was formed were all of the tulip-tree, and were nicely pared. Every part was beautifully clean. Even the coarse slabs that formed the floor looked as if newly washed and dried. Sundry gowns and petticoats of substantial homespun hung from the logs that formed one of the sides of the cabin, while the other was covered with articles of male attire. A large spinning-wheel, with rolls of wool and cotton, occupied one corner. In another was a small cupboard, containing the little stock of new dishes, cups, plates, and tin pans. The table was small also, but quite new, and as bright as polished walnut could be. The only bed that I saw was of domestic manufacture, and the counterpane proved how expert the young wife was at spinning and weaving.

"Supper over, we all neared the fire, and engaged in conversation. At length our kind host addressed his wife as follows: 'Eliza, the gentlemen would like to lie down, I guess. What sort of bed can you fix for them?' Eliza looked up with a smile, and said: 'Why, Willy, we will

divide the bedding and arrange half on the floor, on which we can sleep very well, and the gentlemen will have the best we can spare them.' To this arrangement I immediately objected, and proposed lying on a blanket by the fire; but neither Willy nor Eliza would listen. So they arranged a part of their bedding on the floor, on which, after some debate, we at length settled. The negroes were sent to their own cabin, the young couple went to bed, and Mr. Flint lulled us all asleep with a long story intended to show us how passing strange it was that he should have lost his way."

Victor returned from such adventures exhausted, but it gave him the hardy experience for other excursions.

He followed his father with enthusiasm and his love of the forest grew. The wood folk became his companions —the mountaineers, the stage-coach men, the taverners, and the little animal people in fur.

He loved to lie under the sunset trees after a meal out of their traveling pouch, and to hear his father relate stories of his adventures when the latter had been wandering alone. He delighted also in asking questions. In this way he learned ornithology.

"Did any one ever see a partridge drumming?" asked Victor of his father one day.

America may be said to be Partridge Land. The whir of the short wings of the partridge is heard everywhere in the forest from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The bird is

alert, beautiful, a lover of her family. She feeds on berries, is true to her nest, and has no habits that are detrimental to man. She is a game bird, very wild, but can be domesticated when hatched by a common hen and reared among her brood. But the young bird so reared still seeks the woods. The old New England farmers used to say that "the partridge and the tongue can never be tamed."

The question that Victor asked of his father has been asked by thousands of boys who live near the woods.

Let us imagine a scene such as has happened a thousand times. A cloud is slowly darkening the sky. There is a deep stillness in the air. The robins are singing—*chirruping*. The birds fly restless from tree to tree.

Hark! A dead sound seems to beat the air. It is in the near woods, and is repeated.

"It is going to rain," says the farmer. "Hear the partridge drum."

"How does he drum?" asks the farm-boy.

"No one knows; few people ever saw a partridge drum. It is a forest mystery."

Such is the farmhouse legend.

Audubon and Victor studied the habits of the partridge.

"The partridge does not drum in captivity," said Audubon; "and did you ever see a partridge near you except gliding along in thick bushes like the wind, or rising on wings which you heard rather than saw?"

Mocking-birds defending their nests.

"I must see a partridge drum," said Victor. "You have?"

"Not in the way that I wish to see the movement," said Audubon.

"On what do partridges drum?"

"The farmers say that they drum on a stump. They have quick ears—they hear steps at a long distance. They stand on stumps and listen. They usually drum when the air is perfectly still, and when no one is near."

"I will discover the method of the bird; I will see a partridge drum, if I have to lie in the bushes all day."

"If you ever find a partridge drumming in clear view, you will be a clever boy—smarter than any farmer lad or young hunter that I have ever seen. That is a sight that we will not be likely to see together—but we may."

Victor began to study the habits of the wonderful bird. They would sometimes "scare up" a partridge from her nest. The bird builds her nest in hidden and protected places, among dead leaves and grasses of her own color, and if disturbed when setting, will silently and quickly remove her eggs to another place.

She will defend her young with great courage, and by strategy.

She is a kind of mesmerist, or hypnotist.

When she is surprised with her brood, she will utter a pitiful cry, and seem to be struggling helplessly on the ground as with a broken wing. Or she will wheel about

the feet of the intruder in a circle so as to draw and hold his eye, her form quivering. While she is executing these confusing movements, her brood will disappear, and then she will whir away.

One day a partridge seemed to fall dead before them and then to whirl like a dervish.

"The effect of the defensive movements of the partridge's wings, when her young are hiding, is a mother's instinct that is a wonder," said Victor. "See her wings quiver as if wounded."

In a moment she rose, and was gone.

They searched to find one of her brood, but the cunning little partridges seemed to have turned into dead grasses and leaves.

"The instinct that leads the little partridge to render itself invisible is as wonderful as that of the magnetic enchantment of the mother's wing," said Victor. "I will take a day before the coming of rain, when the quails say 'More wet,' and I will hide in some field of short bushes where there are stumps and will see a partridge drum."

"She carries her drum with her," said Audubon.

They heard the partridge drumming at a little distance wherever they went. Victor sought to see how it was done with still feet, but the bird's ears were as quick as his feet were still. He would always tread upon some dead stick which would break and give warning. Still, he was resolved to see the wonder of the forests. In this way the father

and son studied birds together. Something new almost daily would awaken their curiosity, and it became a matter of life to them to follow it up, and the wonder of bird-life grew. Victor was becoming another Wilson.

The partridge builds her nest in hiding, but the hiding-place is often near roads and lanes as though there might be protection in the open, as a good woman once hid her money in an open jar on the shelf. No one would look for it there. The bird can be captured by the hand when brooding or fighting. She will allow the scythe to strike her in the grass of the hay-field.

One day they heard a partridge drumming. Victor stole away, and after hours returned in cheerful excitement and said:

"She does it with her wings; her body is her drum."

The two would come out of the forests on Independence or training days, when their home was in Kentucky. The American flag stood for the liberty of the world, and they would stop and hail it together on the verge of the forest.

Audubon loved the old Fourth of July, when the people of the towns assembled to celebrate Independence day in the woods. The flag waving in the summer air thrilled him. He admired the white-headed eagle, not as a bird of prey, but of independence, as an emblem of freedom.

To gather with the Kentucky merrymakers in some great clearing in the woods on Fourths of July was a de-

light that he afterward loved to recall, especially amid the crowded scenes of English cities.

Over the flag floating in the blue of the Kentucky summer sky the eagle wheeled and screamed, as if all below her wings were hers. The eagles of Rome and France became emblems of American freedom before Audubon immortalized the white-headed bird, but it is Audubon's eagle that we find to-day in the new insignia everywhere.

Audubon had a pen like Washington Irving in the description of forest scenes. One of his most perfect literary papers is a description of an old Kentucky barbecue, or Independence-day festival, in the early towns. It will forever preserve the memory of the celebration of liberty as it was in the days of the pioneers of the great river countries.

He says:

"Beargrass Creek, which is one of the many beautiful streams of the highly cultivated and happy State of Kentucky, meanders through a deeply shaded growth of majestic beech-woods, in which are interspersed various species of walnut, oak, elm, ash, and other trees, extending on either side of its course. The spot on which I witnessed the celebration of an anniversary of the glorious proclamation of our independence is situated on its banks near the city of Louisville. The woods spread their dense tufts toward the shores of the fair Ohio on the west, and over the gently rising grounds to the south and east. Every

open spot forming a plantation was smiling in the luxuriance of a summer harvest. The farmer seemed to stand in admiration of the spectacle; the trees of his orchards bowed their branches, as if anxious to restore to their Mother Earth the fruit with which they were laden; the flocks leisurely ruminated as they lay on their grassy beds; and the genial warmth of the season seemed inclined to favor their repose.

"The free, single-hearted Kentuckian, bold, erect, and proud of his Virginian descent, had, as usual, made arrangements for celebrating the day of his country's independence. The whole neighborhood joined with one consent. No personal invitation was required where every one was welcomed by his neighbor, and, from the Governor to the guider of the plow, all met with light hearts and merry faces.

"It was indeed a beautiful day: the bright sun rode in the clear blue heavens; the gentle breezes wafted around the odors of the gorgeous flowers; the little birds sang their sweetest songs in the woods, and the fluttering insects danced in the sunbeams. Columbia's sons and daughters seemed to have grown younger that morning. For a whole week or more many servants and some masters had been busily engaged in clearing an area. The undergrowth had been carefully cut down, the low boughs lopped off, and the grass alone, verdant and gay, remained to carpet the sylvan pavilion. Now the wagons were seen slowly moving along

under their load of provisions which had been prepared for the common benefit. Each denizen had freely given his ox, his ham, his venison, his turkeys, and other fowls. Here were to be seen flagons of every beverage used in the country; '*la belle rivière*' had opened her finny stores; the melons of all sorts, peaches, plums, and pears would have sufficed to stock a market. In a word, Kentucky, the land of abundance, had supplied a feast for her children. A purling stream gave its waters freely, while the grateful breezes cooled the air. Columns of smoke from the newly kindled fires rose above the trees; fifty cooks or more moved to and fro as they plied their trade; waiters of all qualities were disposing the dishes, the glasses and punch-bowls, amid vases filled with rich wines. 'Old Monongahela' filled many a barrel for the crowd. And now the roasting viands perfume the air, and all appearances conspire to predict the speedy comencement of a banquet such as may suit the vigorous appetite of American woodmen. Every steward is at his post ready to receive the joyous groups that at this moment begin to emerge from the dark recesses of the woods.

"Each comely fair one, clad in pure white, is seen advancing under the protection of her sturdy lover, the neighing of their prancing steeds proclaiming how proud they are of their burden. The youthful riders leap from their seats, and the horses are speedily secured by twisting their bridles round a branch. As the youth of Kentucky lightly

and gayly advanced toward the barbecue, they resembled a procession of nymphs and disguised divinities. Fathers and mothers smiled upon them as they followed the brilliant *cortège*. In a short time the ground was alive with merriment. A great wooden cannon bound with iron hoops was now crammed with home-made powder, fire was conveyed to it by means of a train, and as the explosion burst forth, thousands of hearty huzzas mingled with its echoes. From the most learned a good oration fell in proud and gladdening words on every ear, and although it probably did not equal the eloquence of a Clay, an Everett, a Webster, or a Preston, it served to remind every Kentuckian present of the glorious name, the patriotism, the courage, and the virtue of our immortal Washington. Fifes and drums sounded the march which had ever led him to glory; and as they changed to our celebrated Yankee Doodle, the air again rang with acclamations.

"Now the stewards invited the assembled throngs to the feast. The fair led the van, and were first placed around the tables, which groaned under the profusion of the best productions of the country that had been heaped upon them. On each lovely nymph attended her gay beau, who in her chance or sidelong glances ever watched an opportunity of reading his happiness. How the viands diminished under the action of so many agents of destruction I need not say, nor is it necessary that you should listen to the long recital. Many a national toast was offered

and accepted, many speeches were delivered, and many essayed in amicable reply. The ladies then retired to booths that had been erected at a little distance, to which they were conducted by their partners, who returned to the table, and having thus cleared for action, recommenced a series of hearty rounds. However, as Kentuckians are neither slow nor long at their meals, all were in a few minutes replenished, and after a few more draughts from the bowl they rejoined the ladies and prepared for the dance.

"Double lines of a hundred fair ones extended along the ground in the most shady part of the woods, while here and there smaller groups awaited the merry trills of reels and cotillions. A burst of music from violins, clarinets, and bugles gave the welcome notice, and presently the whole assemblage seemed to be gracefully moving through the air. The 'hunting-shirts' now joined in the dance, their fringed skirts keeping time with the gowns of the ladies, and the married people of either sex stepped in and mixed with their children. Every countenance beamed with joy, every heart leaped with gladness; no pride, no pomp, no affectation were there; their spirits brightened as they continued their exhilarating exercise, and care and sorrow were flung to the winds. During each interval of rest refreshments of all sorts were handed round, and while the fair one cooled her lips with the grateful juice of the melon, the hunter of Kentucky quenched his thirst with ample draughts of well-tempered punch.

"I know, reader, that had you been with me on that day you would have richly enjoyed the sight of this national *fête-champêtre.* You would have listened with pleasure to the ingenuous tale of the lover, the wise talk of the elder on the affairs of the State, the accounts of improvement in stock and utensils, and the hopes of continued prosperity to the country at large, and to Kentucky in particular. You would have been pleased to see those who did not join in the dance shooting at distant marks with their heavy rifles, or watched how they showed off the superior speed of their high-bred 'Old Virginia' horses, while others recounted their hunting exploits, and at intervals made the woods ring with their bursts of laughter. With me the time sped like an arrow in its flight, and although more than twenty years have elapsed since I joined a Kentucky barbecue, my spirit is refreshed every Fourth of July by the recollection of that day's merriment.

"But now the sun has declined, and the shades of evening creep over the scene. Large fires are lighted in the woods, casting the long shadows of the live columns far along the trodden ground, and flaring on the happy groups loath to separate. In the still, clear sky begin to sparkle the distant lamps of heaven. One might have thought that nature herself smiled on the joy of her children. Supper now appeared on the tables, and, after all had again refreshed themselves, preparations were made for departure. The lover hurried for the steed of his fair one, the

hunter seized the arm of his friend, families gathered into loving groups, and all returned in peace to their happy homes.

"And now, reader, allow me also to take my leave, and wish you good-night, trusting that, when I again appear with another volume, you will be ready to welcome me with a cordial greeting."

CHAPTER X

IN DAYS OF POVERTY—FATHER AND SON—DANIEL BOONE

The poverty of Audubon in the middle period of his life, when he was nearly completing his collections, was that of a martyr to science. He had a true wife and true hearts in his boys.

"The world deemed me mad," he said, "but my family believed in me."

Mrs. Audubon wished him to go to London, to study the use of oils in making perfect his paintings. To help him, she opened a school. After a struggle it became successful, and brought to her a large income. This she offered to her husband: his interests were her interests; his life her life.

But Victor Audubon, his son—who had traveled with his father, slept with him in the open, ate with him from the bushes, and secured game for him, while he became lost in study of some new bird—was a boy indeed worthy of such a grand parent. He went into a store at Louisville for a time, desiring, like his mother, to make his father's noble work as easy and as perfect as possible.

Miserably poor the American woodman was! Let me give some pictures of him in his poverty.

From a boy he had read of the glory of Niagara.

In August, 1824, he heard the thunder of the cataract from afar and approached the falls. He was overwhelmed at the spectacle, as it were, of an overthrown sea. He exclaims:

"All trembling I reached the falls of Niagara, and oh, what a scene! My blood shudders still at the grandeur of the Creator's power that is here displayed. The falls, the rainbow, the rapids defy description with the pen!"

But what a humiliating confession follows these exultant words. He says:

"I moved toward the rapids, over which there is a bridge to Goat Island, that I fain would have crossed to look at the water which is running with incredible swiftness below, *but I was deterred by the low state of my funds!*"

He could not spare the money to pay the toll over the bridge.

Soon afterward his purse was reduced to "one hundred and fifty cents."

He went to a prosperous pioneer town and replenished his purse by portrait-painting.

He tells us how he felt when destitute in Cincinnati, before asking a loan of money.

"Without money or means of making it, I applied to Messrs. Keating and Bell for the loan of fifteen dollars, but I had not the courage to do so until I had walked by their house several times, unable to make up my mind how to ask the favor.

"I got the loan cheerfully, and took a *deck* passage for Louisville.

"I was allowed to take my meals in the cabin, but at night slept among some shavings that I managed to scrape together."

He gave lessons in music, French, and drawing at a country town.

In these ways he collected money enough to pay his passage to Europe, hoping there to show what America was in the wealth of her birds.

"I am alone in the world, my son," he would say in substance to Victor, "but I will not always be. The old text rings in my ears, that 'the man diligent in his business shall stand before kings.' I have done as perfect work as one could do in America, and it will win its own harvest.

"If I die before my work is completed, you must carry on my work. It is the joy of a father to see his life go on in his son."

"My father thinks of nothing but birds," said Victor Audubon to his mother. "Nature study is his life, but he is poor. We must guard his honor, and see that he makes

for himself an honest fame. See what Europe is doing for her scientists!"

"What have you read, Victor?"

"Cuvier was poor, he struggled hard, and now he has not only been made perpetual secretary of the National Institute of Paris and may live like a prince, but they are about to make him a baron."

"Well, no one has better earned his fame, unless it be Humboldt. Napoleon admitted him to the Council of State, and the Bourbons are outdoing Napoleon, but Victor Cuvier has made a new scientific world."

"And my father's work ought to reveal to Europe what she can find in the forests of America. It ought to make the dull English king hear the birds singing. I have rounded the forests with my father, and I want him to see his work valued at its worth. Did you know that Europe was honoring Wilson?"

"I am glad it is so. Wilson has done good work out of an honest heart. Think how he suffered and struggled!"

"But his work is less accurate than father's. If the Kings of England and Prussia so honor Humboldt, and Berlin and Paris contend for him as a citizen, why should not my father's worth be recognized?"

"America will do it one day, my son; worth reveals itself."

"He has told me in the forests how Humboldt looked

as he appeared before the Academy. His breast shone with gold and gems.

"The description fires me. I want to go to London with father, and help him to let the scientific nobility see what the value of his work is. It would make me happy to see him wearing a star on his breast, or possess a gold snuff-box from the Czar."

"A snuff-box is no fitting reward of worth," said his mother.

"Not if he were a snuff-taker; but as a gift from an emperor, as a sign of social equality, it is."

"Well, the Czar may have a snuff-box in store for your father—who knows? The Bourbons may have a star for him."

"He would never win the gold box or the star himself. He is too modest. I wish to go to Europe with him, and I will work as hard for him in the court circles of scientists as I have done in the forest. I can canvass for his books, and I can *look* the pride I feel in such a father as he. Think of all that we have been to each other! How we have watched the ospreys feeding their nests! How we have heard the night birds pass, and talked of the notes of the insect gatherers that we could not see! How we loved nature's children together, and have talked, lying in a cave, of how all life had one source—God! How we have studied the animals whose antlers broke down the forests, the insects in armor, and have waited for hours to

verify a single habit of a little bird! My father is a wonderful man. He ought to be recognized as a benefactor, and he shall be if I have a chance for influence among the picture-buyers of the times."

"I am glad to hear you say that your father is a good man. If he ever should wear a star, after all the ridicule that has been heaped upon him, how glad we would be that we have been so faithful to him!"

"And if he should not win stars, or snuff-boxes, we will also be glad, mother."

"Victor, you have spoken well. It is the true life to be doing that which will make us satisfied at last."

Audubon made Victor his companion almost constantly, as his work in the study of American birds grew.

In their journeys when they stopped at the cabins of the pioneers they became interested in Daniel Boone, who was a naturalist and a famous story-teller.

It was a delight to the boy to hear such men relate tales of their adventures in the evening by the cabin door.

In meeting Daniel Boone, "the first white man of the West," Audubon found the one man who knew the birds and beasts of Transylvania well. He could gain from him a knowledge of rare birds and quadrupeds that could have been obtained as well from no other white man.

Boone had once gone on an expedition to the great Blue Licks of Kentucky to obtain salt for the garrison of the pioneer fort, and had been captured by the Indians.

The first question that he asked himself in his early captivity was, "How can I escape?" This was impossible at that time. His next question was, "How can I make my captivity a means of escape?" His answer was, "By service and silence."

He followed this policy. The Indians, wishing to show their prowess, carried him about for a show. He served them well, and studied the country wherever he went. They carried him to Detroit as a prisoner on exhibition. He served them so well that they determined to make him a member of their tribe.

When they made a new man a member of their tribes, the Indians initiated the captive with some very strange ceremonies. The initiated must be made to wear a *tuft-lock*, or a single tuft of hair on the top of his head.

They commenced pulling out Boone's hair, spear by spear, until a single tuft was left. This they tied up with fantastic ribbons of bark, or other material. They tried to wash his white blood out of him by dipping him into cold water. His body thus grew red. Then they painted his face and ornamented him, and one of his old friends

at the fort would have thought him an Indian had he suddenly returned.

During his long captivity, his wife, who lived in Kentucky, despaired of his ever returning again. She had come to Transylvania from North Carolina, and she returned to North Carolina with her family.

Boone at last escaped from the Indians. He returned to his old home to find his wife gone, and he followed her back to her old home in Carolina. What must she have thought when she saw her husband returning more an Indian in appearance than a white man?

In all these adventures Boone studied the woods. He learned their wonders, and he gave all his strange discoveries in the bird kingdom to Audubon. He told him where rare birds had their nests and how to find them, where rare animals lived and how to capture them, and to study their habits. He helped the woodman to do work that would never need to be done again.

Captain Boone one day came to visit Audubon, and spent the night under his roof. The two sat down to relate their adventures in the woods, one of which was substantially as follows:

"I once went out to hunt," said Captain Boone, "among hostile Indians. I kindled a fire for roasting of food and protection, but when night came on I was afraid that the light might attract the eye of some Indian wanderer, so I stamped out the burning fagots.

"The woods were still. I was about sinking into sleep when suddenly I felt a hand as of a giant laid upon my shoulder. I rose up, and was overpowered by an unseen foe, my hands were tied, and I was pushed forward toward an Indian encampment.

"There was much palaver. There were fierce-looking squaws in the encampment, and my appearance created great excitement.

"I was their captive, and I could see that they intended to deal with me after their savagery. The women were drinking from a flask which the men had captured.

"Suddenly a shot was heard in the woods. I know not from whom it came. The Indians understood, and rushed off in the direction of it, leaving the squaws to guard me until their return.

"I saw now my chance for escape, but my hands first must be free.

"When the women were a little off their guard, I suddenly thrust my wrists toward the fire, so as to burn off the withes.

"I then suddenly appeared before the astonished and terrified squaws free. I resolved to mark the place, and before I dashed away I cut three notches in an ash-tree."

The sequel to this story was strange indeed, and became a folk-lore tale of the woods through which the smoke of new cabins was constantly curling.

The three notches on the ash-tree were grown over by

new bark when a great dispute arose in regard to a certain boundary. It was agreed that the true boundary began or ended with the ash-tree of three notches. But the tree could not be found.

The controversy lasted long.

"Find us Boone's ash," said the backwoods judge, "and the case will be settled."

"I must find Captain Boone first," said a lawyer.

Captain Boone was found, and he revisited the place of his short captivity.

"That is the tree," said he, pointing to a lofty ash. "It has grown since then."

"Prove it," said the lawyer.

Captain Boone went to the tree and stripped off the bark at a certain angle. Under the bark three notches clearly appeared.

The tree became known as "Boone's ash."

In the early days of the pioneers there were earthquakes in the South, like the one that threw down Charleston some years ago. But only the Indians and a few white adventurers knew of them. In the year 1812 an earthquake made the earth tremble from Kentucky to the Mississippi River. Audubon, in clear, graphic language, repaid Boone by a story of this earthquake.

He said that he was riding on horseback when he heard a sound as of a tornado, "on which," to use his own description as written out, "I spurred my steed, with a wish to

gallop as fast as possible to the place of shelter. But it would not do; the animal knew better than I what was forthcoming, and instead of going faster, so nearly stopped that I remarked he placed one foot after another on the ground with as much precaution as if walking on a smooth sheet of ice. I thought he had suddenly foundered, and, speaking to him, was on the point of dismounting and leading him, when all of a sudden he fell a-groaning piteously, hung his head, spread out his four legs, as if to save himself from falling, and stood stock still, continuing to groan. I thought my horse was about to die, and would have sprung from his back had a moment more elapsed; but at that instant all the shrubs and trees began to move from their very roots, the ground rose and fell in successive furrows, like the ruffled waters of a lake, and I became bewildered in my ideas, as I too plainly discovered that all this awful commotion in nature was the result of an earthquake.

"I had never witnessed anything of the kind before, although, like every other person, I knew of earthquakes by description. But what is description compared with reality? Who can tell of the sensations which I experienced when I found myself rocking, as it were, upon my horse, and with him moved to and fro like a child in a cradle, with the most imminent danger around me? The fearful convulsion, however, lasted only a few minutes, and the heavens again brightened as quickly as they had be-

come obscured; my horse brought his feet to the natural position, raised his head, and galloped off as if loose and frolicking without a rider.

"I was not, however, without great apprehension respecting my family, from whom I was many miles distant, fearful that where they were the shock might have caused greater havoc than I had witnessed. I gave the bridle to my steed, and was glad to see him appear as anxious to get home as myself. The pace at which he galloped accomplished this sooner than I had expected, and I found, with much pleasure, that hardly any greater harm had taken place than the apprehension excited for my own safety. Shock succeeded shock almost every day or night for several weeks, diminishing, however, so gradually as to dwindle away into mere vibrations of the earth. Strange to say, I for one became so accustomed to the feeling as rather to enjoy the fears manifested by others. I never can forget the effects of one of the slighter shocks which took place when I was at a friend's house, where I had gone to enjoy the merriment that in our Western country attends a wedding. The ceremony being performed, supper over, and the fiddles tuned, dancing became the order of the moment. This was merrily followed up to a late hour, when the party retired to rest. We were in what is called, with great propriety, a log house; one of large dimensions and solidly constructed. The owner was a physician, and in one corner were not only his lancets, tourniquets, amputating knives,

and other sanguinary apparatus, but all the drugs which he employed for the relief of his patients, arranged in jars and vials of different sizes. These had some days before made a narrow escape from destruction, but had been fortunately preserved by closing the doors of the cases in which they were contained.

"As I have said, we had all retired to rest. Morning was fast approaching, when the rumbling sound that precedes the earthquake began so loudly as to awaken the whole party, and drive them out of bed in the greatest consternation. The scene which ensued was humorous in the extreme. Fear knows no restraint. Every person, old and young, filled with alarm at the creaking of the log house, and apprehending instant destruction, rushed wildly out to the grass enclosure fronting the building. The full moon was slowly descending from her throne, covered at times by clouds that rolled heavily along, as if to conceal from her the scenes of terror which prevailed on earth below.

"On the grass plot we all met, in such condition as rendered it next to impossible to discriminate any of the party, all huddled together in a state of almost perfect nudity. The earth waved like a field of corn before the breeze; the birds left their perches, and flew about not knowing whither; and the doctor, recollecting the danger of his gallipots, ran to his office to prevent their dancing off the shelves to the floor. Never for a moment did he think of closing the doors, but, spreading his arms, jumped

about the front of the cases, pushing back here and there the falling jars, but with so little success that before the shock was over he had lost nearly all he possessed."

This curious story illustrates how strong is one's supreme passion even when death seems impending. Any passion may be stronger than the fear of death, as in the case of the doctor and his gallipots, the latter of which were his priceless treasures, which he felt that the world needed more than any other thing.

Such were the forest tales of Victor's early years.

His love of the forest grew. He studied the language of the birds—he lay as one entranced under the great trees.

The sunrise brought him birds; in the sunset he watched the wings going home to their nest. The solitudes brought him no sense of loneliness. The world was all alive to him wherever he traveled, slept, and woke.

In this interesting period of the transition of the forests from savage to civilized life there arose a man who in some respects resembled Audubon, although Audubon seems to have undervalued his work. It was George Catlin, who had the genius of painting Indians. Audubon criticises him as "over-painting" the children of the forests, as representing them in too picturesque and heroic attitudes. This man felt that to paint Indians was his mission. He wandered the forests of North and South America in the belief that he was doing notable work for the future.

He was born in Wyoming Valley in 1796, studied law, and lived to be nearly eighty years of age.

He was a self-taught painter, and loved his art. His invaluable pictures may be seen in the National Museum, Washington, and copies of them in many collections of illustrations of primitive wood life in America. He did a great and noble work.

He loved the Indians. He introduced a party of American Indians to Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and he sought to protect the rights of the Indians in all possible ways. He as well earned the praise of the name of Protector of the Indians as Audubon did of the Protector of Birds. He believed the Indians to be of Asiatic origin. He studied what was noble in them, and so he arrived at this conclusion in regard to them. He went to Europe and made for himself a great name among scientists.

CHAPTER XI

A NOBLE WIFE

One day Audubon came home in great excitement.

"I have lost my property again," he said; "all has gone. I am as a beggar!"

"No—all has not gone," said his serene and beautiful wife; "you have me left, and the boys."

"I took you from luxury. What can you do for me now?"

"Work! I can teach."

"But my boys, my dear boys?"

"I can educate them."

"It was in no desire for glory," said he, and here we use his exact words in a like episode, "which led me into this exile. I wished only to enjoy nature."

"Go on with your studies," said his wife; "though the world turn against you, we will be true. You are doing a work for the world, and we will work for you."

Mrs. Audubon became a governess and then a teacher. The great plantations were rich at that time, and her high character and accomplishments brought her pupils that rendered her an income of several thousand dollars a year. She established a school at Bayou Sara, La.

How had he again lost his property? He had surrendered one estate to his sister, and had failed in business.

Audubon's father died. He had left him an estate of some seventeen thousand dollars, but his agent lost the property. He was penniless again.

Empty-handed, he wandered the wilderness again, painting birds in a way that would never be superseded.

"You should see him studying a worthless bird in the woods among the rocks with his son," said the stage-coach driver. "Why, can you think it? He stuffed a dead sheep with hay, and he and his boy watched it to see a buzzard come down and get fooled! Think of that—fooling a carrion bird, and his property all gone, and his poor wife keeping school! They say that he has fooled his wife and boys."

"What does he want to fool the buzzard for?" asked a waiting passenger, who had heard this strange story.

"To see if the buzzard could smell."

The waiting passenger laughed, and the old stage man added:

"Who in the world cares whether a buzzard can smell or not?"

But before Audubon could write his description of the buzzard in his Ornithological Biographies, *he* must know whether it was acute sight or acuteness of the sense of smell that brought the buzzard down to this rotting food like a speck from the sky.

So passed years with the family. They read from time

to time of how the great naturalists of Europe were banqueted by kings.

"Don't let your heart sink," Mrs. Audubon would say to him. "You have me and you have the prophecy of your old home, and some day a prince may give you something. If he does, remember I was true to your purpose, and true to you. Oh, what an hour that would be! But suppose it were never to come, your worth and value would be the same. But it will come, it will come; my soul tells me that it will come.

"But suppose it were never to come, your worth and value would be the same. But it will come, it will come; my soul tells me that it will come."

"I hope it will, my true wife, for Victor's sake!"

Victor? He was his father's heart.

In these dark days, when the family was separated, the mother and boy met. They talked long.

"Worth lies within, and happiness comes from within," said she. "I know not what may happen to me, but whatever comes I want you to be true to your father, and to his work, which is his life."

"I will be true to him, mother, whatever may happen to him or you. I love my father."

"And I will be true to you, Victor, and we will all be true to our own!"

CHAPTER XII

VICTOR, THE FOREST BOY—HOW HE STUDIED NATURE

So they became companions—father and son.

Victor accompanied his father on long and lonely journeys, far from the Kentucky and Ohio Rivers, where white feet had never gone before. He loved his father's calling more and more, and he began to be jealous of his father's reputation when he heard of Wilson's fame. Was he lonesome in these far-away solitudes, where birds had sung beyond the sound of the human ear?

No; how could he be? The bird's song to him was a divine voice among the trees wherever he went. Something new and wonderful happened each day.

Let us follow the forest boy. It is Saturday evening, far away from any human habitation. The sea lies fifty miles away. Rocks covered with pines and great crags of moss rise about the two naturalists.

"We will rest under the rocks to-night," said Audubon, "and listen to the sounds of the descending wings. The fishing-birds will be coming home from the sea."

They ate a spare supper out of the food pouch, and listened.

The red hazes of the twilight sky became flecked with wings. The herons and sea-feeding birds were returning. Then the two began to study the motions and the vibrations of descending wings.

"They are the sounds," said the naturalist, "of the birds coming home." Cheerful and love-lighting sounds they were, like the returning footsteps of the father to the fireside of his children. Nature has music that the common ear does not hear.

They slept under the pines. Above them passed the unseen wings of the night-hawks. Afar hooted the owl.

With Sunday morning came an uplift of wings—ascending wings. These upward wings bore the notes of triumph. They rose as it were into the sun. They were not soft and tender, they were loud and fierce.

And what did the two foresters do on Sunday? Nature sang to them, and a quail preached to them a sermon which the son would long be likely to recall.

They came upon the little quail and her brood of chicks, whose fluffy, downy coverings were the color of brown leaves.

The terrified bird gave a note of warning to her chicks. In a moment they had disappeared, all but one.

Victor's eye caught the hiding-place of that one chick and he put his hat over it.

"Let us now go a little way off and listen," said Audubon.

They sat down on a clump of barberry-bushes, which were tangled with wild-clematis vines and roses.

All was still. An hour passed, and all was still. Noon, and all was still.

Then there was heard a timid call.

One.

Another timid call.

Two.

"She is counting her chicks," said Audubon.

Three.

So called the timid quail.

The chicks doubtless answered her.

But one did not.

They saw the hat move, but the chick did not come out.

There was a distressed call, repeated over and over. Then it was repeated louder. Then louder.

It was so almost human that Victor said:

"I will let the little quail go."

He did so. They listened. The mother quail did not call again.

"It is the parable of the lost sheep," said Audubon.

They watched a spider cleaning with his feet an old web. Then they saw him weave his new world. What an instinct was that! Whence did it come?

They saw one day a battle of the ants—as though that pictured the useless battles among men.

One day they captured a venomous serpent, and Audu-

bon painted its fangs. The reptile was the embodiment of the fire of rage. But the poison of the serpent was of the same kind as the anger of an untrained nature, whether in man or in animal.

The wild bees held them; the serpent holding a bird in thrall; and to them everywhere the world was song.

Victor Audubon, the woods boy, saw the value of what his father was doing, and he wondered if others would ever see it. He himself was receiving an education such as no other boy ever had. It hurt him more and more to hear the tavern people speak lightly of what his father held to be his calling.

In their long journeys together amid the hills and streams they talked of little but the discoveries they were making. It filled a day with delight to find a new bird, to hear him sing and note his habits. The study of a new nest or an egg would fill an evening under the trees.

When they emerged from some vast forest after long wanderings, they would find newspapers at an inn which would tell them what had happened in their absence.

One day, as they came to a backwoods tavern, and Audubon had looked over the gazette, Victor asked:

"Is there anything new, father?"

"Humboldt, I see, has been called to Prussia again. The king sees what men are of real value to the world."

"I wish that he might know what you are doing."

"Do not harbor thoughts like these, my boy. Hum-

boldt did not begin his travels with any expectation of reward. He had to travel—there was an inborn power that set his feet in motion. It is enough to know that one's work has worth."

"Tell me how he looked when you saw him?"

"He was a grand man, and he talked of things which the world did not know. He made me feel that I must be like him—that I would like to do the work that he was doing. On his breast shone a star. I did not covet the star. Now the king will place another star there; he will wear the stars of Spain, of France, of Germany. But, Victor, the rewards of work are not to be sought, but the worth of work—that is the gold of life."

Victor dreamed of the high career of the many-starred Humboldt.

"Father"—did ever a father have such a son?—"whatever may happen, I will be true to you and your work. If the King of Prussia knew you as I know you, and your work as I know it, he would send you a star."

"Or perhaps one of his golden snuff-boxes," said the woodman. "I would be glad, for your sake, to see my work honored by the king; it would give you joy, and you have had faith in me in all my hardships, poverty, and wanderings. Whether I am rewarded or not, you will remember me as one who was true to himself and his work. *That* is to be rich."

"That is to make oneself one day the companion of

kings," said Victor. "So you have told me the old Knitter of Nantes said, when you were a boy in France."

That evening they studied the habits of a captive night-bird together, of a lone wanderer in the dark. The bird seized the wicker in its bill and tried to free its wings. A tremor would come over him when it found itself baffled.

"Why does it *shudder* its wings?" asked the boy.

"Why would you shrug your shoulders were you a captive among Indians, and thought of freedom, your mother, and the fireside and lamplight? It is the human in the bird."

A night bird flew by and cried. The captive *shuddered* again. So they studied the instincts of the bird, and talked, long into the night, of the habits of the night pilgrim of the air. These studies made Victor a naturalist.

CHAPTER XIII

AUDUBON DISCOVERS THE GREAT EAGLE, THE BIRD OF WASHINGTON—THE EMBLEM OF THE REPUBLIC

Audubon trained his eye to see in a bird what he seemed unable to discern in any of the many affairs of his life. He was not successful in business, but on a trading voyage on the Mississippi he one day saw a sight which recalled him to the fact that success lies along the line of one's inborn inclinations.

It was in February, 1814, a month which has all the splendor of spring on the Mississippi. High in air was floating a majestic bird—sailing as it were in a purple sea. It was the true American eagle.

His heart bounded. He saw not only a magnificent monarch of the air in the bird, but an emblem of independence, of what the American Republic was and ought to be among the nations of the earth. No bird disputed his sway in the kingdom of the air.

He was filled with ecstasy at the sight. He compares his joy to that of Herschel when he discovered the planet that bears his name.

It was this discovery that had much influence in making

the eagle the emblematic bird of America. We think of Audubon when we see the bird on a shield that supports the flag.

The sight made Audubon restless to secure one of the species, and to study its plans and habits. This restlessness never left him until he had in his possession the monarch of birds.

One day on the Green River, while collecting crayfish, he saw the eagle again. The place was bounded by high cliffs, and he thought that its nest was likely to be there.

He hid himself at the foot of a cliff where the nest seemed likely to be, from the carefully studied spiral movement of the bird.

After some time, there was the sound of descending wings in the clear air. He heard a strange hissing; the noise was that of young eaglets stretching out their necks in expectation of food.

The male bird descended with a fish in his talons, evidently unaware that he was watched.

Presently the female followed him, also bearing a fish for her young.

But her keen suspicions penetrated the shelter of the rocks below. She saw by a movement there, or a watching eye, that the nest had been discovered.

She dropped her fish and uttered a shriek of alarm.

She soared upward. Her mate followed her. Audubon was unable to scale the cliffs so as to secure the birds

as specimens. But his soul was bent on capturing an American eagle. He sought for one for two years, when his watchfulness was rewarded. He held in his possession the fierce sovereign of the sky, the noblest of its species.

What should he name it? Washington, he thought, was the truest of men, a terror to the foes of liberty, and his fame was becoming universal. "I shall call the eagle the Bird of Washington," he said.

When he had made the magnificent bird known to the public, the Bird of Washington became by common consent one of the emblems of the great republic of the West. Eagles had been used as American emblems before Audubon, but they had followed the suggestions of insignia of Rome and France. Franklin had objected to the emblem of the common eagle. The white-headed eagle of Audubon has become the bird of the shield, although it had been before made an emblem, and the common eagle had become the bird of the banners. Audubon's eagle, or the Bird of Washington, seems to be the most noble of the earn family in its national suggestions.

Audubon trained Victor to help him do his work in his own perfect way.

They painted together as one soul.

At last they had a portfolio of birds or bird pictures which was Audubon's life, and which Victor valued as highly as his father.

"You must hide them somewhere, father, where they will be safe; a crown were less to be guarded."

"Yes, I have given my all to do this work, and your heart has been as true as your feet have been."

"But I have been happy in the forests with you!"

"I doubt that we will ever see happier days. If we were to have the favor of kings and courts, would we be happier?"

CHAPTER XIV

THE DARK ROOM—AUDUBON AND THE RATS

"I do not work for fame," said Audubon, "but for the work's sake, because I love nature, and as Victor has said, I must carefully hide my plates."

It had cost him days of perilous travel to picture the habits of a single bird. In these arduous undertakings he had slept in swamps and lived on berries. He had exposed himself to fevers, and suffered from sickness without care. He had plodded through malarial heats, and sought shelter in caves from winter storms. And these forest roamings were not for fame nor money, but for the love of nature, which was the supreme passion of his soul.

His pictures were retouched and improved continually. Go and examine them as they appear now in his famous volume. The birds live in their most winsome or heroic attitudes. The flowers and shrubs that they loved flame around them. The true touch is in every plate; the bird-haunted forest of the early days, like Birnam's Wood, comes back again.

He retouched a large number of plates which to him were his life treasures. He was about to make another ex-

pedition along the great rivers of the Middle States. What should be done with these drawings and colorings? Where should he hide them where they would be perfectly secure? for he felt that his future was in them. He must do as Victor had said.

He visited Philadelphia with the plates, and there found a solitary room where he thought they would be secure. He rented the room.

"No one must use the room until I return," said he to his host. "These plates are not only my fortune, they are my life. They have cost me the labor of years."

"I understand you," said mine host. "Under no circumstances shall the room be used. Your work shall be guarded like the jewels of a queen."

"Do not let even the cat enter the place."

"No, my friend, these plates which are sacred to you shall be my trust. Not even the cat shall visit the room."

"Let me adjust the Venetian blinds so as to guard against the sun. The light of a room sometimes affects the color of pictures."

He adjusted the blinds so as to shut out the sun.

Then he locked the room; he left it in darkness, and he turned reluctantly away from these gems of art that had cost him so much suffering and toil—ay, and so much joy.

He went away, roamed the river-side forests, seeking new birds and making new drawings. But his thoughts

wandered back to his treasures in the dark room in Philadelphia.

He returned at last with rapid feet. He longed to be among his art treasures again, to retouch them out of wider experience, and to add to their number.

He came back to his friend's home where he had left the darkened room, loaded with specimens.

"Are the pictures safe?" was almost his first inquiry.

"Safe, safe! You may be sure they are. Not even the cat has entered the room. Go up to the chamber and see."

He ascended the stairs, accompanied by his friend, unlocked the door, lifted the Venetian blind, and glanced around.

He trembled, and uttered a cry of horror.

"Rats! What have they done? Oh, the light of my life has gone out. Look, look, my precious plates! The rats have made heaps of them. Years of toil would not replace them. My heart sinks within me. God give me health, I will recover them. I will make them better than before!"

He gathered up the remains of his pictures, feeling like Newton when the little dog Diamond destroyed his astronomical calculations. He wandered about as one dazed.

Everybody was sorry at heart for him. He felt keenly all this sympathy, and said:

"But I will recover them, and do better work than before. It will take three years. The cat did not enter that room—would that she had!"

So he must face the forest sun again and go over the old trails and live like a wild man. He was doing work for the sake of the work.

"The rats have limited reason," he must have thought. "Misfortune should not arrest any man in a purpose to do his best."

He would be more careful of his art treasures now—he would place them where it would be well-nigh impossible for accidents to befall them. He would become stronger for his work than ever before.

But Victor—what would he feel, what would he say?

The news of the loss of the plates smote Victor to the heart.

His father had lost his property, was ridiculed at the taverns, but he had not lost his character, or his purpose in life. The boy met his disappointment with his mother's heart and spirit.

"Victor, am I ruined?" asked Audubon. "Am I?"

"No, father, you must go over all the work again; you will do it better for your loss. I will go again into the forests with you, or I will become a clerk to help you. Your new journeys will educate me; they will make me a naturalist."

"Did ever a father have such a son?"

CHAPTER XV

ALEXANDER WILSON, THE AMERICAN "ROBINSON CRUSOE"—HIS PARROT

This man, whom we have introduced among the earlier incidents of Audubon's life, has had many tributes paid to him by lovers of natural history and pilgrim poets. A statue has been raised to him in his "ain toun," and his grave, in the "auld kirkyard" of the Swedish Church in Philadelphia, is still visited by lovers of nature. His was a beautiful, self-forgetful life, and it was one that Audubon, possibly with some little jealousy, closely followed.

Of Wilson's inspiration to become a naturalist, a writer has well said: "There lives in Scotland a man of peace. A poor Paisley weaver, in his damp, dull lodging, he dreamed of nature, of the infinite liberty of the woods, and of winged life. A cripple, his very bondage inspired him with a love of light and flight."

Wilson, like Audubon, loved birds for their own sake.

He was a cripple in early life, and he could not see many birds, so he bought pictures of them. His pictures made him long to follow them into the forest solitudes in

many lands. Poor, a cripple, a factory boy, a poet, his heart went forth into nature—would his feet follow it?

Says an essayist of the impulse that suddenly took possession of his soul:

"He took a decisive resolution; it was to abandon everything, his trade, his country; to go where he might see nature with his own eyes, observe, describe, and paint; to exile himself in the solitudes of America; to shipwreck life, that he might become a Robinson Crusoe."

But he did not know how to draw and paint; he did not know how to write. He could make rhymes, but he could not put them on paper.

What of that? He could learn how to draw, to paint and write, and resolved to do it. He can who thinks he can. Truth lies in the intuition, and in potency that has no chart.

He found his way to America and plunged into the deep forests and miasmatic savannas. He lived on wild fruits and slept in the coverts of bears.

To meet a wild bird and a rare one was to him the charm of his life. He was free. He had no house or family to call him away from his mission. To injure a bird was to injure him. To wound a bird was to hurt his heart. It is said that his face grew to look like a bird. He became a bird man. He, like Audubon, did much of his work so that it will never need to be done again.

When he reached America the first thing that he wished

to see was a "red-headed woodpecker." Then he fell in love with the bluebird, and wrote of it one of the most beautiful poems in the language.

He had one companion—a parrot. It was a Carolina bird, and did not learn to talk after the manner of South American birds, but it traveled with him a thousand miles. He used to wrap her up in his handkerchief, and carry her about in his pocket, and if she made her escape he would turn aside to find her again. They loved and quarreled, and she would sit on his shoulder and eat from his mouth. Her health was broken at last, and she became a disconsolate-looking bird. He put a mirror beside her; she thought that her reflection was another bird, and she became happy. She would lay her head against her own reflection with joy. Alas, how like human life, when we fancy that we find ourselves in others, or in others a reflection of ourselves! She was the man Friday.

He stood at last before the great naturalists of Europe. "They poked each other in the ribs" when they beheld him, but he shamed their ignorance by his simple knowledge of things that he perfectly but they imperfectly knew.

We make mention of this friend of Audubon for a reason that should inspire naturalists in their methods of work. He never destroyed life if he could help it. He studied living specimens, and when he could set them free he gave them again to the fields, air, and sky.

He captured a little mouse, and he was about to kill it

to put it into the claw of an owl which he had painted, or was preparing to paint. The heart of the little captive beat hard. He was thirsty in his fever of terror. A drop of water was on the table, and he ran out his wee tongue to cool the burning thirst. Wilson saw that little tongue. The sight went to his heart. He stayed his hand. Could he quench a life that was so like the human?

CHAPTER XVI

FLORIDA AS IT WAS

Audubon entered Florida as if it were a land of enchantment. The palmy peninsula, which was created as one might almost say by neither the Divinity nor man, but by the coral insects, has ever been a land of enchantment, but always most beautiful in the winter months. To exist in these balmy airs of Florida in winter is to enjoy life in luxurious fulness.

In the woodlands the gray mosses wave in the mellow gulf winds, the jasmines and the wild orange fill the air with odor, and the pine barrens are melodious with mocking-birds' songs.

In Audubon's time the rivers were full of alligators, and the white ibises streamed through the air at this period of solitude. The Seminole Indian roamed there at will. The woods were full of rare birds and of game.

Audubon was now at the height of his great popularity. The Government was glad to do him honor, and to make easy his researches. States welcomed him as a benefactor. The heart of the country went with him into the ham-

mocks, pine barrens, and everglades of Florida, the secrets of which he was to reveal to the world.

It was in the winter of 1831, some seventy or more years ago. He went to East Florida first, and wandered over its shining beaches and gathered specimens and examined them under the shadows of the palms. The bushes were full of song, and the pines were fire.

One of the first wonders of the bird world to attract him was the Zenaida dove, which came from the West India Islands, winging its way close to the purple waters at certain seasons of the year. It is noted for its beauty of plumage, its melodious and plaintive voice, and its affection for its mate. It is a vision of beauty on the wing, and its habits are as charming as its breast, neck, and wings.

Florida was filled with doves at this time. They floated on iridescent wings among the mosses. Audubon, who was always a protector of birds, was taught new lessons of tenderness by the doves of Florida.

"Who," he said, "can approach a setting dove, hear her notes of remonstrance, or feel the feeble stroke of her wings, without being convicted that he is committing a wrong act?"

Audubon relates his sensations on trying to capture a Zenaida dove alive.

He approached the nest with still feet. The mother bird discovered him, and maintained her place, brooding over her young until she saw that she was in danger, and

then uttered a childlike cry. She fell before him with quivering wings, her whole form trembling, and her voice *begging* him to spare her nest.

He said:

"Who could bear such a scene of despair? I left the mother in security with her offspring."

He went to the solitudes of the snowy ibis and heron, the red flamingo and the dusky pelican. He found at Tampa the resplendent Key West pigeon.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a naturalist's enthusiasm at that lovely bird, "did ever Egyptian pharmacopolist employ more care in embalming the most illustrious of the Pharaohs than I did in preserving from injury the most beautiful inhabitant of the wood covers!"

Age had not abated the tenderness of Audubon's heart toward the winged dwellers of the trees. It is always so with a true lover of nature. To study nature is to find oneself in sympathy with the whole creation, and the larger one's knowledge the greater is his beneficence. A less schooled nature would have seized upon the zenaida dove, although she were quivering at the thought of being taken from her young.

In Florida he saw a caracara eagle, the Brazilian bird. He pursued it in vain for a time, but at last one of these proud Andean birds fell into his hands.

It hurt him to take the life of this regal inhabitant of the peaks, and his description of how he endeavored to do

this without causing the bird pain shows the growing tenderness of his nature toward the winged world:

"The eagle," he tells us, "was immediately conveyed to my place of residence, covered by a blanket, to save him in his adversity from the gaze of the people. I placed the cage so as to afford me a good view of the captive, and I must acknowledge that as I watched his looks of proud disdain I did not feel toward him so generously as I ought to have done. At times I was half inclined to restore him to his freedom, that he might return to his native mountains; nay, I several times thought how pleasant it would be to see him spread out his broad wings and sail away toward the rocks of his wild haunts; but then some one seemed to whisper that I ought to take the portrait of this magnificent bird, and I abandoned the more generous design of setting him at liberty, for the express purpose of showing you his semblance.

"I occupied myself a whole day in watching his movements; on the next day I came to a determination as to the position in which I might best represent him; and, on the third, thought of how I could take away his life with the least pain to him. I consulted several persons on the subject, and among others my most worthy and generous friend Dr. George Parkman, who kindly visited my family every day. He spoke of suffocating him by means of burning charcoal, of killing him by electricity, etc., and we both concluded that the first method would be probably the

easiest for ourselves and the least painful to him. Accordingly, the bird was removed in his prison to a very small room and closely covered with blankets, a pan of lighted charcoal was introduced, the windows and doors fastened, and the blankets tucked in beneath the cage. I waited, expecting every moment to hear him fall down from his perch; but, after listening for *hours*, I opened the door, raised the blankets, and peeped under them amid a mass of suffocating fumes.

"There stood the eagle on his perch, with his bright, unflinching eye turned toward me, and as lively and vigorous as ever! Instantly reclosing every aperture, I resumed my station at the door, and toward midnight, not having heard the least noise, I again took a peep at my victim. He was still uninjured, although the air of the closet was insupportable to my son and myself, and that of the adjoining apartment began to feel unpleasant.

"I persevered, however, or ten hours in all, when, finding that the charcoal fumes would not produce the desired effect, I retired to rest, wearied and disappointed. Early next morning I tried the charcoal anew, adding to it a quantity of sulphur, but we were nearly driven from our house in a few hours by the stifling vapors, while the noble bird continued to stand erect and look defiance at us whenever we approached his post of martyrdom. His fierce demeanor precluded all external application, and at last I was compelled to resort to a method, always used as a last

expedient, and a most effectual one. I thrust a long pointed piece of steel through his heart, when my proud prisoner instantly fell dead, without even ruffling a feather.

"I sat up nearly the whole of another night to outline him, and worked so constantly at the drawing that it nearly cost me my life. I was suddenly seized with a spasmodic affection that much alarmed my family, and completely prostrated me for some days."

CHAPTER XVII

THE SICK BOY—WAGON TALES

One day there came a hasty messenger to Mrs. Audubon in Louisiana bearing a letter marked "In haste." She broke the seal and read:

"Victor is very sick of the fever; he lies in the wagon at Beechwood under the trees. He calls for you constantly—'Mother, mother!'"

"I must go to him," said Mrs. Audubon.

"The journey is a long one and will be hard," said her friends.

"But I can not stay," said Mrs. Audubon. "Did ever a woman hesitate at the call of 'mother'?"

"He may have the yellow fever," said an alarmed servant. "The country is full of it this fall."

"That does not matter; I must go to him. He calls 'mother'!"

It was early autumn—the still, dry time of the year. The river towns were almost deserted on account of the fever. The intense heat of the summer continued; the roads were dusty, and the stage-drivers rode with fear past the great plantations on account of the sickness.

Mrs. Audubon made little preparation. She called a driver and faced the wilderness. She heard the call of "Mother, mother!"

She traveled night and day. Food, sleep, and comforts were nothing to her now. She said to the drivers, "Hurry, hurry!"

In the glimmering dusk of a silent twilight she reached Beechwood. She dropped from the carriage and was met by her husband.

"So soon, Lucy?" said Audubon. "What brought you here in such quick time?"

"A mother's heart. How is Victor?"

"Come and see—still."

The boy lay outside of a forest home in a traveling wagon under the trees.

"It is better for him to be in the air," whispered Audubon. "I hope he may know you. Do not speak at first. He is in a stupor. It is a critical hour."

There was a deep stillness in the red forests. A few black ravens flew up into the twilight-flaming tree tops. A dog barked, and was hushed.

Victor lay as one dead, his white forehead burning with fever, his neck open, his hair tangled.

Mrs. Audubon laid her hand on his forehead and put back his hair.

He moved, but he did not open his eyes. His lips parted.

"It is mother's hand!" he said.

He began to revive. His eyes opened, and he said:

"I knew it was your hand. I am coming back."

Mrs. Audubon looked up to the sky where a star was shining, and she breathed a prayer and a thanksgiving. It was a happy hour.

The doctor came on horseback and looked at the boy.

"The fever has turned," he said. "While the sky is clear, let him lie here under the trees."

In the night the fever abated. She brought him water from the spring near, and he repeated over and over:

"O mother, I am so glad that you have come!"

There was a light dew that night, but the sun rose the next morning in a clear sky, and the atmosphere seemed burning. The beech-woods spread out their great arms over the wagon, and the forest birds gathered in the thick, cool shade.

As soon as Victor was out of danger Audubon's thoughts turned to the birds again, and he began to talk with the convalescent about them. He pointed to the pine bowers that rose dark in the hot air, and said:

"There, through the clear, rarefied atmosphere, the raven spreads his wings, and as he onward sails rises higher and higher each bold sweep that he makes, as if conscious that the nearer he approaches the sun the more glistening will become the tints of his plumage.

"Some say that they destroy the raven because he is black, others because his croaking is unpleasant. As for me, I admire the raven because I see so much in him to excite our wonder."

Hour by hour Mrs. Audubon stood over Victor.

One morning he sat up, and the doctor pronounced him "out of danger, with care."

He took him to the veranda. A few drops of rain were falling, cooling the air.

"Mother," said Victor, "you have been true to your own. I can see my life now—I must learn to paint, that I may continue father's work in the future. I have been brought back for this purpose; I will make my forest life an education, and we will be true to each other and to what we have been given to do."

He called for stories, and his father told them under the cooling trees that leaned over the roof of the forest house.

LISTENING TO THE TREE

Among the many stories that Audubon used to relate of the insect-destroying birds is one that Victor loved to hear. It well illustrates his habits of observation.

He had been told at Louisville, Ky., that there was a certain large tree like a chimney in which a cloud of swallows spent the night. He determined to *listen* to this tree when the swallows came home.

"The evening," he says, "was beautiful; thousands of swallows were flying above me, and by threes and fours were pitching into the hole in the tree like bees hurrying to their hives. I remained, my head leaning on the tree, listening to the roaring noise within.

"Next morning I rose early and placed my head against the tree. I stood in this posture some twenty minutes, when suddenly I thought that the great tree was giving way. I sprang from it. The swallows were pouring out of it in a black, continual stream. I listened with amazement to the noise within, which I could compare to nothing but the sound of a large wheel revolving under a powerful stream."

He estimated the number of birds who roosted in this chimney tree, clinging to the hollow in an unbroken mass, to be nine thousand!

He related the stories that revealed to Victor the true methods of studying nature. He made of the lonely beechwoods a school. Those were happy weeks that the three united hearts spent in the woods.

"We must give something to find something," said Mrs. Audubon; "we must go into silence, if we would have something to say. We must do right, follow the voice of our gifts, and then believe that all that happens to us is for our best good."

Audubon was a natural story-teller. To hear him tell tales was to live in the scenes again. We can picture him

relating his old experiences to the sick boy as he lay in the wagon.

There was a mocking-bird in New Orleans that used to sing on the same chimney-top night after night until twelve o'clock, when it would go to the Convent Gardens to feast. Its song would ripple on the air as caught from some paradise, until the watchman would pass by, saying:

"All is well!"

The bird on the chimney, too, would pause in its singing, and, as if speaking to the household, would say:

"All is well!" and then continue its rapturous melody.

To Audubon such a voice came out of the life of divine mysteries. He listened to bird songs with a double ear. In his darkest hours he could hear this voice, "All is well!"

His dogs seemed to understand him, to follow his very thought.

He tells a story of a tremulous dog that lay by his side in an hour of terror.

This story was a favorite in the woods. It so pictures the naturalist's life in the deep Indian forest that we should relate it here. We follow Audubon's own language in part, changing a few words for the sake of a free, interpretative narrative.

THE CABIN IN THE FOREST

He says, to use his own beautiful descriptions, at the beginning of the narrative:

"On my return from the upper Mississippi I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine; all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just been issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

"My march was of long duration. I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodlands, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trail, and as darkness overshadowed the prairie I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of the wolves gave me hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

"I did so, and almost at the same instant a firelight

attracted my eye. I moved toward it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken. I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

"I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night? Her voice was gruff, and her dress negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, I addressed him in French, a language not infrequently partially known to the people of that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other; his face was covered with blood.

"The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back

with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

"Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a timepiece from my pocket and told the woman that it was late and that I was fatigued. She espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate on her feelings with electric quickness. She told me there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain, which secured it around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

"The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him, his eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again

seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us.

"Never till that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that whatever enemies I might have he was not of their number.

"I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretense of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and, returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear skins, made a pallet of them, and, calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was to all appearance fast asleep.

"A short time had elapsed when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and, asking for whisky, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why that

rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house? The mother, for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently; he moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised toward the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged the last glance with me."

An hour of terror followed. The lads were sinking into a drunken sleep, when the thought of stealing the watch seemed to take possession of the Indian squaw. She went to one of the lads, and said to him in a voice that Audubon could hear:

"Settle him, and then I'll have the watch."

The naturalist cocked his gun locks silently, and then touched his faithful dog on the head. The two watched the squaw with intent eyes, the dog bent on one thing only, the safety of his master.

In this hour of suspense some travelers suddenly appeared at the door. Audubon told them his story; the squaw was arrested, and the cabin burned.

This story gives a view of prairie life on the Mississippi at that time, and also of the perils that the American woodman met in his solitary journeys with his alert and faithful dog.

Let us recall like stories amid these scenes under the beech-wood shadows at evening. Victor may have lain in the wagon; his mother watched by his side, and the ever-faithful dog could listen to a wonder tale if he could not understand it.

IN THE SWAMPS OF THE YAZOO

We have now a very strange story to tell, and it belongs to a period of American life long passed away.

It was sultry noon on the banks of the Mississippi. Afar lay the great, dark, almost impenetrable swamps of the Yazoo, the home of the ibis. Here, too, was the haunt of the alligator; it might be said that here were cities of alligators. The land was green with reeds and deep with mire. The poisonous serpent coiled here, and the air was poison.

But into the reeds of the poisoned air Audubon went, intent on doing the perfect work of his almost solitary calling.

He came one day to a miry weir, where the wood ibises lived among the slimy reptiles. He was wading through the weir with his dog Plato, and his knife drawn as a defense against alligators, when the waters grew deep, and he flung his traveling bag to the shore.

He presently gained the short, when his dog became greatly excited. Audubon looked around for the cause.

"Stand still or die!"

He heard a voice, but saw no man. He cocked his gun.

The tall canes began to waver before him.

A giant negro rose up.

"Stand still or die!"

The negro had a gun, but Audubon saw it was worthless. He dropped the stock of his own gun on the ground and turned to the negro a friendly face.

"I am not your enemy," said Audubon, "but only a hunter. Who are you?"

"Will you not betray an honest man, master, 'fore God?"

"I never betrayed an honest man. I tell you the truth. I bear no man an ill will."

"And you will not give me up?"

"If you are not a criminal your secret shall be mine."

"Then I am a runaway—a fugitive. I ran away for the love of my own wife and children. We were to be sold apart, and I hid them here in the swamps of the canes. I love my own wife and children, stranger. It is the will of God that I should love them, and that they should be mine. Is not that right, stranger?"

"That law is right."

"Then follow me to my house. I will shelter you there, and help you to carry away your birds. I know the trails of the swamps."

The negro's eyes glowed, and an amiable and lovable

expression filled his face. It was evident that his family to him was everything—it was more than life. He would rather die than be separated from his own.

"I will follow you," said Audubon.

"Then I will lay my old gun down here, that you may know my heart is true."

He laid his gun down by a tree.

"And you shall take my knife."

He handed the knife to Audubon.

They traveled into a mighty swamp, the home of great reptiles, and flocks of pelican-like birds. The ways were tortuous and winding.

At last the negro stopped and uttered a cry, or call, that pierced the ear of Audubon and he involuntarily leveled his gun.

"No harm, massa," said the negro. "Put aside your weapon, no harm. I only did that to let my wife know that I am coming.

He listened.

His cry was answered by a woman at a point in the distance.

"My wife, my own wife, mine," he said, with a look of delight.

"O master, my wife may be black, but she is as beautiful to me as the wife of the President is to her own. She is to me like a queen. You shall see her and my little children."

They came at last to a knoll in the great cane-brake. His wife rushed out to welcome him, and his children followed her. His wife heard his story of meeting the white hunter, and the children made friends with the dog.

He told his tale in the evening as they all partook of a repast. His master had sustained heavy losses, and was compelled to sell a part of his estate and some of his slaves. He had sold this man's wife and children to a planter some hundred miles distant. They could not live apart, so he contrived means of meeting his own and planned an escape into these dread swamps of mire and poison, happy at heart if he could be with his own. A hell were a heaven if he could be with his own.

They had escaped in a hurricane, and he had found this retreat, where alligators, serpents, and poisoned air would be his defense, for the sake of his own.

"I wish you could secure for us a common master," said he.

His tale went to the heart of Audubon.

He resolved to go to one of the negro's former masters and try to arrange for a safe return of the fugitives to a single plantation.

He put aside the ibises he had found in the cane-brake for this act of humanity. He found the first master of the fugitive family, and appealed to his heart.

The planter heard his story with willing ears. He would

receive the negro back, and purchase his family for him, and they should have one cabin. He did so.

So the evenings came and went at the beech-woods.

Little could that true-hearted family have dreamed of what awaited them in the near future.

This was a time for reflection—under the trees.

"You have done a great work, father," said Victor.

"How can I make it known to the world? How can I let the world see what I have done? I must go to London. London is the world."

"I will work for you in Louisville or anywhere while you are gone, if I can best help you in that way. You may have the money I earn."

"You have your mother's heart. Oh, it is worth a world to feel a heart like yours beating true to mine. I am happy in my poverty with such a son as you.

"My son, I sometimes think of the words of the old Knitter at Nantes, who said that, on account of my diligence, I would stand before kings. If I could secure the signature of George IV to my drawings, what a man I would be! The world would see in my pictures what America is; the feet of an army of pioneers would follow me. Yes, I must go to England. I was led to my destiny by suggestion, and suggestion is as a whisper from God."

The two prepared to return to Louisville together in October. They reached Green River on foot, when a new

trouble came. Victor did not recover from his fever as rapidly as his father, and he seems to have been overcome by the sequences.

Audubon procured a wagon and laid his boy in it and traveled beside him. What a journey that must have been amid the bright days of the falling leaves!

Audubon journeyed on through sparsely inhabited woods. Two things troubled him: his lack of money, and lack of a larger knowledge of wanting to do perfect work.

He talked with his sick boy.

"Perfect work was the ideal of my father. He tried to prepare me for it."

"The woods open as we go on," we may fancy his son to have said; "so it will be with life."

"Yes, the current of the mountain stream knows the way, and I am doing the best I can. To do the best one can leads to a larger and higher way."

He nursed the boy, and the forest birds came to the edges of the road pines to wonder at them as they went on their way. They had one consolation: the whole family were one in the love and trust of each other's heart.

It was on this perilous forest journey from Florida to Louisville that a very strange incident of natural history occurred.

They came to a squatter's cabin in the woods.

The squatter seems to have been a kindly man, a rude lover of nature, and he was being followed by a black-wolf-like little dog.

The squatter welcomed them, and when they sat down outside of his cabin to talk, the black wolf lay down at his feet.

"He seems capable of affection," said Audubon.

"Everything is, if you treat it right. There is a good spot in all things, a saving remnant in every heart that lives."

"Where did you find him?"

"Oh, I brought him up like a kitten. See him lick my hand. Say, why could not wolves be tamed and made useful? The heart conquers all things, in my opinion, if one only knows how."

The black wolf seemed to understand the friendliness of tone, and leaped about in the sunlight as if perfectly contented and happy.

"See how he is overjoyed to obey me!" said the squatter.

"Ranger, here; leap up here."

The wolf leaped into his lap, and the squatter hugged him to his breast.

"He will follow me anywhere, and do everything I direct him to do as far as he can understand. That is all that humans can do."

Audubon and Victor studied the black wolf with

wonder. Naturalists that they were, they had hardly seen a friendship like that before.

"No one need to be lonesome in the woods," said the squatter. "The world is full of friends everywhere, if you only treat it rightly."

Audubon was very poor, but he wanted to own that black wolf.

"For how much would you sell him to me?" asked Audubon.

"Sell him? Why, I couldn't part with him. See him cuddle up to me as though I were his best friend. I could not sell a heart like that."

"I will give you five dollars for him."

"Couldn't think of it. I would be dreadful lonesome without him, all out here in the woods alone. I brought him up to be company for me. It would be like selling one of my children."

Audubon took out of his pocket a hundred-dollar bill that he had been saving for special needs.

"Look at that, friend. I will give you one hundred dollars for him."

The squatter probably never saw so much money before.

"I would be glad to oblige you, stranger, but I can't part with the animal nohow. It wouldn't be using him right."

The story in its leading incidents is substantially true.

The family affection grew. Audubon thus spoke to Victor in reference to his wife in the days of failure, and here we use his own words:

"Your mother held in her arms your baby sister. *She* felt the pangs of misfortune perhaps more heavily than I, but never for an hour lost her courage; her brave and cheerful spirit accepted all, and no reproaches from her lips ever wounded my heart.

"With her was I always not rich?"

Audubon's heart lived more and more in the affection of Victor, who amid all misfortune was the same to him. He thus wrote to him in regard to his wife:

"Should the Author of all things deprive me of my life work for the comfort of the dear being who gave you birth. Work for her, my son, as long as it may be the pleasure of God to grant her life. Never neglect her a moment; in a word, prove to her that you are truly a son." *

Victor Audubon needed not such an admonition. He was a gentleman in himself, and he carried with him the family heart.

In his adversity Audubon never neglected the "gift that was in him."

He says—and what a picture this is!—

"Among all these adverse circumstances I never for

* Audubon's own words.

Father and son painted together.

a day gave up listening to the songs of our birds, or watching their peculiar habits, or delineating them in the best way I could; nay, during my deepest troubles I frequently would wrench myself away from the people around me and retire to some secluded part of our noble forests, and many a time at the sound of the wood-thrushes' melodies have I fallen upon my knees and there prayed earnestly to our God."

It was the winter of 1823–'24. Audubon had returned from the long Southern journey to Louisville, the journey on which he had been stricken down with the yellow fever, when his faithful wife went out into the forests to nurse him. He engaged a room for himself and Victor at Shippingport, where the father and son painted all winter.

He gave himself to his life illustrations, doing as perfect work as he was able on his beloved Birds of America. He lived simply in a single room, but the sky, the bright waters, and the forests all were his. He talked to Victor as to his heart, and the boy, like the Knitter of Nantes, came to believe that he would one day "stand before kings."

A trader of the town saw how impoverished they were and wished to help them. He came to them one day.

"Mr. Audubon, my business prospers, and I want a sign over my door that will be worthy of it. Would you consider it beneath the dignity of a true artist to paint a sign?"

"No, a well-painted sign would honor my art."

"Will you paint me a sign if I pay you well?"

"My good friend, I need the money. I have tried to live very sparingly, I and my faithful son. But I will put good work into your sign, and such as will not be any dishonor to me or to art."

The sign was painted, and other signs were painted by Audubon for other men. But though he painted signs, Audubon, in his necessities, was a model gentleman. That any man can be.

The meeting of a friendly eye is sometimes a turning-point in life. That decisive moment came to Audubon. He showed his wonderful plates to Prince Canino, the son of Lucien Bonaparte. The prince saw their worth at once.

"I should advise you to take these to England," he said, "and publish them in book form by subscription."

"But I am poor."

"Take the first steps and the ways will open before you."

He went to his wife and Victor with the prince's counsel.

"Go," said they; "our hearts are yours, our hands shall be; we will be true to our own!"

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SIGNATURE OF THE KING

The spring of 1827 found Audubon in Scotland and England, becoming famous and yet still poor, seeking subscriptions for American Birds, the price to each subscriber being two hundred pounds sterling, or about one thousand dollars.

His book, in whose pages the birds seemed to live in their most delightful attitudes, had excited universal admiration. It became the custom among titled and notable people to offer Audubon receptions, dinners, and elegant hospitalities wherever he traveled, and he became the social lion of Edinburgh. The tales of Sir Walter Scott had thrown their charm over him in the American forests, and he hoped to meet the "Great Unknown," as Sir Walter was called, with the thrilling enthusiasm that one feels whose imagination makes gods of men.

But he was miserably poor. Whether he would gain a competence for his work depended upon the number of subscribers he could secure. He was sometimes elated and sometimes suppressed in his efforts to act as his own agent. He sometimes dined from tables of gold and silver

services, and sometimes wondered how he could shift to gain a meal.

He was going to London, and his fame had gone before him. He would there meet Sir Thomas Lawrence, the almost idolized portrait-painter, whose fame filled the world.

More, he would there meet the famous Albert Gallatin, the United States minister, a man of the rarest accomplishments, who was schooled in all the arts of diplomacy, and to whom Jefferson and Adams had intrusted the choicest service of state. Gallatin, born at Geneva, Switzerland, had become an American. He knew well the courts of Europe.

"Here," thought Audubon, "is the man for whose service I have waited. He will procure for me the patronage of the king."

So he went to London full of hope.

He was banqueted by noblemen, given receptions by learned societies; his plates filled the learned with wonder, but his pockets were empty. What should he do?

He painted pictures secretly by day and sold them at night as secretly to the paint stores, sometimes in Jewish quarters, and the trade-folks' places. Imagine him wandering by lamplight along the Strand, unknown, a common pedler, selling his beautiful art for small sums, then going back over the bridges to his quarters to prepare to meet some illustrious person at a dinner in some fine old hall!

What would his hosts have said had they met him going to the cheap stores on that Strand?

Sir Thomas Lawrence brought him purchasers for his pictures and proved a kindly friend. But here is a picture of the life of Audubon in those London days when he was hoping to meet Gallatin and be introduced to the king:

"One day my engraver called to say that I must pay him sixty pounds on the following Saturday.

"I was not only not worth one penny, but had actually borrowed five pounds a few days before to purchase materials for my pictures. The pictures which Sir Thomas sold for me enabled me to pay my borrowed money and to meet the demands of my engraver.

"At that time I painted all day, and sold my work during the dusky hours of evening, as I walked through the Strand and other places that the Jews controlled, hopping in and out of the Jewish shops, or other places, and never refusing the offers made to me for pictures fresh from the easel.

"Years passed. Better days came, and when I sought these pictures that I sold in the days of my darkness I could not find one of them." Such is the value of good work.

One thing consoled him always in his days of poverty: his plates represented perfect work; the best at last is certain to find the reward of its own gravitation.

He must now have wondered if the pious prophecy of

the old French knitting-woman of Nantes would become true: "Seest thou the man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings—I tell you, commodore, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

The king! It was in the luxury-loving, lazy times of George IV, "the first gentleman in Europe," as he was called. The weak, merry king only thought of to-day, and never much of to-morrow, and more of his own comfort than of his empire. Would such a king ever have an hour to give to a book like the Birds of America? America! what was America to him but a distasteful memory? But the American birds were not to blame for that.

Audubon first sought an introduction to the king through Sir Robert Peel, but Peel, well knowing the habits of the king, caused the letter to be returned.

The heart of Audubon sank, but it rose again. Was not his perfect work, and what had the pious old French-woman of Nantes said? The worth of his work and the assurance in his soul that he had earned the fulfilment of the Biblical law nerved him to a sudden resolution.

"I made up my mind," he said, "to go directly to the American minister, Mr. Gallatin, and to learn from him how to proceed. Was there no mode of approaching the king nearer than by passing his castle? I wanted to have the opinion of one capable of deciding the matter.

"So I entered Mr. Gallatin's presence. The minister extraordinary said:

"'I am always at home when I am not out.' I understood his meaning."

Audubon then astonished the minister by saying:

"I wish to have an interview with the king."

"The king?"

"Yes, with his Majesty himself. I wish to introduce to him my plates."

Mr. Gallatin's face lighted up with wonder.

The audacity of the plan must have seemed comical indeed. He said, and we here quote nearly Audubon's own words:

"What a simple man you must be to believe what is said to you about being introduced to his Majesty! It is impossible, my dear sir—impossible. The king sees nobody."

This was a hammer-stroke; but, as if to make the nail fast and sure, he added:

"He has the gout."

And as if that were not sufficient to silence the American woodman forever:

"He is peevish, and spends his time playing whist at a shilling a——"

This seemed to shut all doors, and the minister extraordinary proceeded to illustrate the hopelessness of such endeavor by stating his own experience:

"I myself had to wait six weeks before I was presented to him in my position as ambassador, and then I merely

saw him six or seven minutes. He stood only during the time the public functionaries from foreign countries passed him. He seated himself immediately afterward, paying little attention to the numerous court of English noblemen and gentlemen present."

What a king was that! With only one thought and that of himself, and he called "the first gentleman in Europe."

Audubon waited and thought. His faith in the merit of his work rose again; perhaps the prophecy of the Knitter of Nantes.

"I think," he said, "that the Duke of Northumberland will interest himself in me."

Gallatin laughed.

"No, no. I have called hundreds of times on such men in England and been assured that his Grace, or lordship, or ladyship were not at home, until I have grown wiser, and have learned to stay at home myself and attend to my own political business.

"It requires a written appointment of a month or six weeks before an interview can be obtained."

But Audubon kept his purpose strongly in mind. He lingered. Gallatin at last said:

"Should the king hold a levee while you are here I will take you to court and present you as an American scientific gentleman; but of course, of course—you must not mention your work!"

Of what value could such a presentation be to him more than to a stuffed king in the museum?

Audubon went out into the open air.

He was more determined to secure the king's signature than ever before.

Purpose makes a way, or breaks one. Into his purpose had gone thirty years. That purpose was a flint, and the spark was in it.

Audubon had found a true friend in J. P. Chaldren, of the British Museum. This man was earnest in his desire that the king should see the American birds that lived on paper. He had a friend, Sir Walter Waller, Bart., K. C. B., who had the same wish. Sympathy can find its way anywhere, even into the doors of a lazy and luxurious king.

"I will myself show the work to the king," said Sir Walter.

So Sir Walter went to his Majesty with the lively and enthralling portfolio.

"It is fine," said his Majesty, "fine!"

He examined it with delight. The birds won his heart. The perfect work made for an hour a true king.

"I will subscribe for it myself," he said, "*not as a king, but as a gentleman.*"

Truly there was a saving remnant in the heart of self-loving George IV.

"Not as a king, but as a gentleman!"

That signature would have twice the value of a poor, bored king, who felt that his position compelled him to subscribe.

That was not all.

"He may publish the work under my special patronage, approbation, and protection!"

Perfect work had won its reward.

The Knitter of Nantes might not have been a prophetess; good people do not need visions to see the end of a spiritual gravitation.

Sir Walter delivered the king's messages to Audubon.

His heart arose to heaven, as into the clear light of God. He saw the invisible hand that had led him.

Impossible? The things that seem impossible to limited reason are not so to intuition and faith. Faith leaves the peak like an eagle and mounts into the sunlight through the gathering cloud.

This chapter is practically true, and we have written few chapters that convey a more significant lesson for those who must toil against obstacles and await results. Truly, "faith is the evidence of things not seen!"

Could his father have seen that day, or the old Knitter at Nantes!

But there were three that must know all—they had had faith in him; they had been his life—his wife, Victor, and John.

Another event happened that made his fame secure. To the signature of the English king there came afterward to be added that of Louis Philippe of France.

He returned to America to his faithful son and wife. The joy of the reunion was such as could only have followed such an experience as theirs, in which each had been "true to his own."

"We have done our best for you in helping you to build up your work; now we will become your agents," said the faithful wife. So said Victor.

They became agents for the work, The American Birds. The price was one thousand dollars. We anticipate events to say that one hundred and seventy subscribers were at last secured, and Audubon was left a fortune out of the sale, after the cost of the production, which had been largely advanced through the influence of Sir Thomas Lawrence, had been paid.

Audubon went to Washington with his wife. Andrew Jackson was President, and that was a proud hour in the naturalist's life when he, whose work had received the signatures of two kings, seated "Lucy" at the banquet table in the White House beside the courtly President of the United States.

Victor prepared to paint animals. The father and son planned to visit the great West and to prepare a work on The Quadrupeds of America. Catlin had painted the Indian types of the prairies; Audubon wished to preserve

the likenesses of the great animals that, like the Indians, were passing away.

To this great work the father and son now devoted their lives. Victor visited England in his interests.

Audubon made his home at a beautiful retreat on the Hudson River, which he named for his wife. It is now called "Audubon Park," and is within the city limits.

The world honored him now with gifts, medals, and titles. With these he adorned the walls of his beautiful home. He associated his son John, as well as Victor, in his work. These were coronation days.

CHAPTER XIX

AUDUBON VISITS BARON ROTHSCHILD

Audubon acted as his own agent. The portfolio is still seen in which he used to carry his drawings from place to place, to show them to people whom he thought able to subscribe for them.

He shared the friendship of some of the most notable people of the world, among them the leading minds of courts and of scientific societies. His visits to rich and penurious people were in a few cases amusing.

In 1834 he and his wife and son John sailed for Liverpool in a packet, and had what was then deemed a wonderfully favorable voyage of only nineteen days. His son Victor was found to have conducted his business very successfully. Audubon had taken out letters of introduction from leading Americans to notable people; these he now proceeded to deliver.

One of these letters was to Baron Rothschild, the money-king of Europe. The baron had arisen to his powerful position as a money-lender from comparative poverty. His position in Europe became so powerful that Wendell

Phillips once said of the house, "Then Baron Rothschild said, 'Napoleon, be king,' and Napoleon was king."

Audubon went to the usurer's London office, where the baron then was. The counting-house of the baron was an unpretentious-looking building; there was no pomp or ceremony there. Audubon, probably with his portfolio under his arm, went to the place and entered the money-lender's office without hindrance and introduced himself to the gusty baron.

The baron was a corpulent man with a red face and a brusque manner, and was preoccupied with his work of treasury-making. He "seemed to care for no one in the world beside himself."

Audubon said:

"Baron Rothschild, I think. May I offer you my credentials?"

"Is it a letter of business or merely one of introduction?" asked the baron, coldly as Socrates.

"I can not tell," said Audubon awkwardly. "I have not read the letter which I bring to you."

"Let me have it," said the man of "golden opportunities."

The baron glanced over the letter as if it were an impertinence, and said:

"This is only a letter of introduction. I suspect that you are a publisher of a book or something or other, and want my subscription."

Says Audubon of the baron's manner:

"Had a man the size of a mountain spoken to me in that arrogant style in America I would have resented it; but as it was, it seemed well for me to swallow my disgust as best I could."

"I shall be honored, baron, if you would give me your subscription to my Birds of America."

"'Sir,' said he [we can imagine in what a tone], 'I never sign my name to any subscription list; but you may send me your work, and I will pay for a copy of it.'"

His next words annihilated the further expectations of the agent. He said:

"Sir, I am busy. Good morning."

The baron did not care to see any mocking-birds, wrens, or mountain eagles.

But a few days afterward Audubon sent to the money king his first volume.

It was followed by other volumes, but to these consignments the baron made no reply. He was "too busy."

At last Audubon sent the baron his bill by his agent.

The baron found a spare moment to look at it; he looked at bills if not at subscription books.

He must have jumped when he saw the bill; certainly, it filled him with amazement.

"What!" exclaimed he; "what! a hundred pounds for *birds!* I will give you five pounds" (twenty-five dollars), "and not a farthing more."

"But, baron," said the agent, "the work is magnificent and very expensive. It will delight the baroness and your children."

"I can't help that. I will give you five pounds for it; I will give you just that and no more."

"Then you must return the volumes," said the agent. "Your subscription is a legal matter."

But Audubon had not the means to bring a suit against the money-lender, who thought that he could not spare one thousand dollars for a book of birds, no matter what it cost human science and human achievement to produce.

Birds did not appeal to the baron:

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

CHAPTER XX

THE CZAR'S GOLDEN SNUFF-BOX—AUDUBON'S FOREST TALES

Nicholas I, of the Romanoffs, had something of the nature of Ivan the Terrible. It is said that Alexander I, who was a benevolent monarch, desired to see the serfs freed, and to call a council of nations to disarm Europe. However this may have been—and if it were so, the latter were a high suggestion, which the world will some time follow, for it is the law of moral life that the highest suggestion shall ultimately be followed. Nicholas began ruling with an iron hand. Wars followed. Hungary was crushed, and the Crimean War at last broke his heart.

But on the dismal days in his palaces the birds sang, and the old Romanoff had a soft place in his heart for the birds.

The bulbuls, or Oriental nightingales, had a choice window in his many palaces. These birds were the masters of song; they made summer in winter and they kept singing-schools. It was an hour of almost divine music when the master singer of these glorious nightingales taught his caged school to sing.

The language of the court was that of repression and

war. But amid hard, rough councils rose the bulbuls' songs, a bird that Byron has made famous.

Nicholas left his silent kingdom to visit Queen Victoria in 1844. He would there hear the skylark sing, rising from the meadows to the very "gates of God."

In this visit to the island he was shown a very wonderful book.

"An American forester," said one of his hosts, "has produced a truly magnificent work on birds. He has made the birds of the Western world to live on paper. Here is a volume."

"I will examine it," said the emperor. "I have a passion for birds, and new birds interest me."

He turned over the leaves of Audubon's American Ornithology. He caught glimpses of what awaited the world in the American forest lands for the first time.

"This is truly a wonderful work," he said. "Audubon? He is a French-American. Well, such work as this ought to be rewarded. I must recognize it."

What should he send to the life-painting Audubon?

He was a man sparing of his gifts. A snuff-box was a common present among the nobility then, a mark of high distinction, especially one that was a work of art.

Such snuff-boxes the emperor had for the appreciation of men of genius. He ordered one to be sent to Audubon. It was a work of art, probably of gold and gems, if the traditional description of it be correct. The Czar's heart

went out to Audubon for what he had done as the protector of the birds of America: would that it had been softened in like manner toward those who had sought to protect his own subjects!

The story of the Czar's gold snuff-box went through Europe, and delighted the people of many museums; it surprised America, filled the papers, and slowly made its way into the backwoods, and reached at last the inn in the forest.

And now Audubon and Victor are in America and enter the far forests again. They are to travel wide ways.

The travels of Audubon and his sons through the Mississippi Valley, over the great Southern lagoons and the vast prairies of the West, were the means of collecting notable stories as well as specimens and pictures, and these the naturalist, who had been schooled by the natural story-teller Daniel Boone, wrote out with true art. He included them in his Ornithological Biographies, and these we will wish in part to follow to the end of this volume. They picture the life of Audubon as nothing else can do, and the pioneer days of America will long live in them. The past of early pioneer times will not die while Audubon's stories live. They are among the best American stories ever told.

CHAPTER XXI

A HUNT WITH A SQUATTER

To begin these stories:

In 1837 Audubon visited Texas.

In the course of his excursions there he met with a squatter whose drove of hogs was being depleted by a cougar, or a "painter," as the man called the thieving animal. The squatter told the naturalist of his losses, and asked him to go with him and hunt down the cougar.

The narrative of this hunt is one of the most interesting in Audubon's tales of the forests. It is told naturally, but with the vividness of an impressionalist. The reader finds himself in the hunt rather than reading about it.

"Day dawned, and the squatter's call to his hogs, which, being almost in a wild state, were suffered to seek the greater portion of their food in the woods, awakened me. Being ready dressed, I was not long in joining him. The hogs and their young came grunting at the well-known call of their owner, who threw them a few ears of corn and counted them, but told me that for some weeks their number had been greatly diminished by the ravages committed upon them by a large panther, by which name the

cougar is designated in America, and that the ravenous animal did not content himself with the flesh of his pigs, but now and then carried off one of his calves, notwithstanding the many attempts he had made to shoot it.

"The 'painter,' as he sometimes called it, had on several occasions robbed him of a dead deer; and to these exploits the squatter added several remarkable feats of audacity which it had performed to give me an idea of the formidable character of the beast. Delighted by his description, I offered to assist him in destroying the enemy; at which he was highly pleased, but assured me that unless some of his neighbors should join us with their dogs and his own, the attempt would prove fruitless. Soon after, mounting a horse, he went off to his neighbors, several of whom lived at a distance of some miles, and appointed a day of meeting. The hunters accordingly made their appearance one fine morning at the door of the cabin, just as the sun was emerging from beneath the horizon.

"They were five in number, and fully equipped for the chase, being mounted on horses, which in some parts of Europe might appear sorry nags, but which in strength, speed, and bottom are better fitted for pursuing a cougar or a bear through the woods and morasses than any in other countries. A pack of large, ugly curs was already engaged in making acquaintance with those of the squatter. He and myself mounted his two best horses, while his sons were bestriding others of inferior quality.

"Few words were uttered by the party until we had reached the edge of the swamp, where it was agreed that all should disperse, and seek for the fresh track of the 'painter,' it being previously settled that the discoverer should blow his horn, and remain on the spot until the rest should join him. In less than an hour the sound of the horn was clearly heard, and, sticking close to the squatter, off we went through the thick woods, guided only by the now-and-then repeated call of the distant huntsman.

"We soon reached the spot, and in a short time the rest of the party came up. The best dog was sent forward to track the cougar, and in few moments the whole pack was observed diligently trailing and bearing in their course for the interior of the swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim, and the party followed the dogs at separate distances, but in sight of each other, determined to shoot at no other game than the panther.

"The dogs soon began to mouth, and suddenly quickened their pace. My companions concluded that the beast was on the ground, and putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed the curs, guided by their voices. The noise of the dogs increased, when all of a sudden their mode of barking became altered, and the squatter, urging me to push on, told me that the beast was *treed*, by which he meant that it had got upon some low branch of a large tree to rest for a few moments, and that, should we not

succeed in shooting him when thus situated, we might expect a long chase of it.

"As we approached the spot we all by degrees united into a body, but on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again, and galloped off to surround it. Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse, as it advanced slowly toward the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the cougar was seen to leap to the ground, and bound off with such velocity as to show that he was very unwilling to stand our fire longer. The dogs set off in pursuit with great eagerness and a deafening cry.

"The hunter who had fired came up and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his fore legs near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim. A slight trail of blood was discovered on the ground, but the curs proceeded at such a rate that we merely noticed this, and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on toward the center of the swamp. One bayou was crossed, then another still larger and more muddy, but the dogs were brushing forward, and as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them, and advance on foot.

"These determined hunters knew that the cougar, being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where in all probability he would remain for a considerable time,

and that it would be easy to follow the track of the dogs. We dismounted, took off the saddles and bridles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hoppled the animals, and left them to shift for themselves.

"Now, kind reader, follow the group marching through the swamp, crossing muddy pools, and making the best of their way over fallen trees, and among the tangled rushes that now and then covered acres of ground. If you are a hunter yourself all this will appear nothing to you; but if crowded assemblies of 'beauty and fashion' or the quiet enjoyment of 'your pleasure grounds' delight you, I must mend my pen before I attempt to give you an idea of the pleasure felt on such an expedition. After marching for a couple of hours we again heard the dogs: each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently.

"We felt assured that the cougar was treed, and that he would rest for some time to recover from his fatigue. As we came up to the dogs we discovered the ferocious animal lying across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cottonwood-tree. His broad breast lay toward us; his eyes were at one time bent on us and again on the dogs beneath and around him; one of his fore legs hung loosely by his side, and he lay crouched, with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him at a given signal, on

which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground, attacked on all sides by the enraged curs.

"The infuriated cougar fought with desperate valor; but the squatter advanced in front of the party, and, almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. The cougar writhed for a moment in agony, and in another lay dead."

CHAPTER XXII

OLD MISSOURI DAYS, OR THE WESTERN STATES AS SEEN BY VICTOR

No publication, except Lewis and Clarke's Journals, that has ever appeared presents such a clear view of the great Western empire as it was in the early days of the pioneers as Audubon's Missouri River Journals. These invaluable records, that were once lost in the back of an old secretary, make the past live again.

Having made a name for giving to the world an immortal book on the birds of the American forests, Audubon resolved, as we said, to prepare another work on the quadrupeds of America. It was yet the days of the elk and the buffalo; wolves filled the prairie, and the white wolf was an animal yet to be seen. Over the long and winding Missouri the eagle wheeled and screamed.

The native tribes had hardly begun to disappear. The Missouri River ran through the lands of the Sioux, Dakotas, and Assiniboins. Here were the remains of the gigantic animals of a prehistoric age.

Audubon saw that the tide of a new population was moving toward these great prairies on the winding river.

He saw that the Indians and great animals would disappear. There came to him a desire to picture this vanishing world—to write a history with the brush of a painter.

"My sons," he said, in effect, "you know my work in life. I have sought to paint the life of the American forests, and the work will live. The king has set his signature upon it.

"I left France with the thought of doing this work for the work's sake. I did not seek money or fame, but to live my life, and fulfil the gift that Heaven had given me. I have kept my heart pure that I might see clearly, for only the pure can see.

"I have painted the America of birds; I now wish to paint the America of animals. I am an old man now. Will you leave your business and give me your help in this great undertaking?"

The spirit of a father lives in the son, and the two sons of Audubon saw clearly what their father wished to accomplish.

"Yes," said they; "go to the lands of the stolid Indians and we will follow you, or will work for you anywhere, as you may decide our course."

His wife was as noble. She had acted as his agent in London. She saw what her boys had seen.

"Yes," she said in the old-time spirit, "I will give you all that I have to give. You have written the history of America in birds, paint it now in the animals; one day the

people will read the history of what America was in your work. It will be one of the truest histories ever written."

Victor became a wonderful painter of animals.

Audubon now saw how wise had been the models that his own good father had given him to follow. The old sea-captain had wished him to enter the army, but when he saw that his son had another gift, he did not oppose it; he had opened the door of life to it. The elder Audubon had died in 1818; he had seen his son working in poverty in the vast forests; he had never had a glimpse of the toiler's success except by faith.

His old teacher, the Knitter of Nantes, too, had gone, but she so firmly believed that when the cause of success had been made, success will come, that she never doubted that her schoolboy would become a great painter. A right purpose only awaits its harvest.

To picture the noble animals of the West now became the life of each of his sons.

These were harvest years.

In March, 1843, Audubon left New York for a journey to St. Louis and thence up the Missouri to the Yellowstone River, a prairie country then, sixty or more years ago, now an empire of populous States, grand cities, networks of railways, and multitudinous homes.

He was accompanied by Victor. The heart of the father and son were still one. On April 29th they reached Booneville, distant from St. Louis about two hundred and

"The prairie dog hung on until I shook it off."

four miles. It was a river journey. The steamers were slow, running some sixty miles a day. The boats stopped on the way on a part of this journey to enable the wood-choppers to cut wood for the furnaces, for wood in some ports of the rivers was not then offered for sale as afterward. They reached St. Louis in the middle of April, and there began the study of pouched rats, or gophers, sometimes called "prairie-dogs."

His experience with the prairie-dogs was a novel one, and represents his methods of the study of curious animals. He says:

"The four which I kept alive never drank anything, though water was given them. I fed them on potatoes, cabbages, carrots, etc. They tried constantly to make their escape by gnawing at the floor, but in vain. They slept wherever they found clothing, etc., and the rascals cut the lining of my hunting-coat all to bits, so that I was obliged to have it patched and mended. In one instance I had some clothes rolled up for the washerwoman, and, on opening the bundle to count the pieces, one of the fellows caught hold of my right thumb, with fortunately a single one of its upper incisors, and hung on till I shook it off, violently throwing it on the floor, where it lay as if dead; but it recovered, and was as well as ever in less than half an hour. They gnawed the leather straps of my trunks during the night, and although I rose frequently to stop their work, they would begin anew as soon as I was in bed

again. I wrote and sent most of the above to John Backman from St. Louis, after I had finished my drawing of four figures of these most strange and most interesting creatures."

At Fort Leavenworth they were in the land of wild turkeys and parrakeets. St. Joseph, Mo., was then Black Snake Hills, a gopher territory, which little animals looked upon the steamer as an intruder and a wonder. Indians came riding down to the boat, the Sacs and Foxes.

It was June. The woods and prairies along the Missouri were full of birds, the air was wings. Audubon and Victor studied the shores wherever the wood-choppers stopped to cut green wood and gather dry branches. What would we think to-day of traveling on a steamer when the wood had to be cut or gathered to feed the engines?

Let us present a picture of this country around bustling, pushing, thriving Omaha, as Victor saw it on this wonderful journey on the primitive steamers. It was known as Fort Crogan then.

"Prairie-wolves are extremely abundant hereabouts. They are so daring that they come into the camp both by day and by night; we found their burrows in the banks and on the prairie, and had I come here yesterday I should have had a superb specimen killed here, but which was devoured by the hogs belonging to the establishment. The captain and the doctor—Madison by name—returned with us to the boat, and we saw many more yellow-headed troopials.

The high bluffs back of the prairie are destitute of stones. On my way there I saw abundance of gopher hills, two geese paired, two yellow-crowned herons, red-winged starlings, cowbirds, common crow blackbirds, a great number of Baltimore orioles, a swallow-tailed hawk, yellow red-poll warbler, field-sparrow, and chipping sparrow.

"Robins are very scarce, parrakeets and wild turkeys plentiful. The officers came on board, and we treated them as hospitably as we could; they ate their lunch with us, and are themselves almost destitute of provisions. Last July the captain sent twenty dragoons and as many Indians on a hunt for buffaloes. During the hunt they killed fifty-one buffaloes, one hundred and four deer, and ten elks, within eighty miles of the camp. The Sioux Indians are great enemies to the Pottawattamies, and very frequently kill several of the latter in their predatory excursions against them. This kind of warfare has rendered the Pottawattamies very cowardly, which is quite a remarkable change from their previous valor and daring. Bell collected six different species of shells, and found a large lump of pumice-stone which does float on the water. We left our anchorage (which means tied to the shore) at twelve o'clock and about sunset we passed Council Bluffs.

"Here, however, the bed of the river is utterly changed, though you may yet see that which is now called the old Missouri. The bluffs stand, truly speaking, on a beautiful bank almost forty feet above the water, and run

off on a rich prairie to the hills in the background in a gentle slope, that renders the whole place a fine and very remarkable spot.

"We tied up for the night about three miles above them, and all hands went ashore to cut wood, which begins to be somewhat scarce of a good quality. Our captain cut and left several cords of green wood for his return trip at this place; Harris and Bell went on shore, and saw several bats and three turkeys. This afternoon a deer was seen scampering across the prairies until quite out of sight. Wild-gooseberry bushes are very abundant, and the fruit is said to be very good."

Little can the enterprising settlers in the fine cities along this part of the Missouri now imagine these vanished days of animal life.

The buffaloes were being destroyed. Mr. Audubon tells us of four boats on which were ten thousand buffalo-skins. The people on these boats lived on buffalo meat. Geese, ducks, gulls, filled the marshes and creeks. The heads of elks rose in safe distances, and antelopes bounded along wood-skirted hills.

The sun rose red morning after morning; the prairies were filled with bloom, over which south winds blew; meadow-larks sang, all the world was full of life and joy. Enormous elk horns were found along the shores. In some places the ground bristled with horns.

Here and there white pelicans were seen, and the won-

der of the gaunt white wolf appeared. At a certain sand-bar Audubon counted ten wolves feeding on the same carcass.

They came to Fort Clarke in mid-June, and saw the American flag floating in the air. It was a trading-post, and near by were seventy leather tents of the Crow Indians. On the opposite side of the river was Fort Mandan, built by Lewis and Clarke in 1804.

These banks of the Missouri are dotted with thrifty villages now. Would the reader like to have a picture of the place as it then appeared?—

"We saw more Indians than at any previous time since leaving St. Louis; and it is possible that there are a hundred huts, made of mud, all looking like so many potato winter-houses in the Eastern States. As soon as we were near the shore every article that could conveniently be carried off was placed under lock and key, and our division door was made fast, as well as those of our own rooms. Even the axes and poles were put by. Our captain told us that last year they stole his cap and his shot-pouch and horn, and that it was through the interference of the first chief that he recovered his cap and horn; but that a squaw had his leather belt, and would not give it up. The appearance of these poor, miserable devils, as we approached the shore, was wretched enough. There they stood in the pelting rain and keen wind, covered with buffalo robes, red blankets, and the like, some partially and most curi-

ously besmeared with mud; and as they came on board, and we shook hands with each of them, I felt a clamminess that rendered the ceremony most repulsive. Their legs and naked feet were covered with mud.

"They looked at me with apparent curiosity, perhaps on account of my beard, which produced the same effect at Fort Pierre. They all looked very poor; and our captain says that they are the *ne plus ultra* of thieves. It is said that there are nearly three thousand men, women, and children who, during winter, cram themselves into these miserable hovels. Harris and I walked to the fort about nine o'clock. The walking was rascally, passing through mud and water the whole way.

"The yard of the fort itself was as bad. We entered Mr. Chardon's own room, crawled up a crazy ladder, and in a lone garret I had the great pleasure of seeing alive a swift or kit fox which he had given to me. It ran swiftly from one corner to another, and, when approached, growled somewhat in the manner of a common fox. Mr. Chardon told me that good care would be taken of it until our return, that it would be chained to render it more gentle, and that I would find it an easy matter to take it along. I sincerely hope so. Seeing a remarkably fine skin of a large cross fox, which I wished to buy, it was handed over to me. After this Mr. Chardon asked one of the Indians to take us into the village, and particularly to show us the 'medicine lodge.' We followed our guide through

mud and mire, even into the lodge. We found this, in general terms, like all other lodges, only larger, measuring twenty-three yards in diameter, with a large, squarish aperture in the center of the roof, some six or seven feet long by about four wide. We had entered this curiosity-shop by pushing aside a wet elk-skin stretched on four sticks. Looking around I saw a number of calabashes, eight or ten otter skulls, two very large buffalo skulls with the horns on, evidently of great age, and some sticks and other magical implements with which none but a 'great medicine-man' is acquainted. During my survey there sat, crouched down on his haunches, an Indian wrapped in a dirty blanket, with only his filthy head peeping out. Our guide spoke to him, but he stirred not. Again, at the foot of one of the posts that support the central portion of this great room lay a parcel that I took for a bundle of buffalo robes; but it moved presently, and from beneath it half arose the emaciated body of a poor blind Indian, whose skin was quite shriveled, and our guide made us signs that he was about to die. We all shook hands with him, and he pressed our hands closely and with evident satisfaction."

One dreary day Mr. Audubon asked Mr. Chardon, of old Fort Clarke, for a story, and was rewarded by a narrative that was so remarkable that he makes note of it in his journals.

IN THE DAYS OF THE PLAGUE

In the month of July, 1837, the steamer Assiniboin arrived at Fort Clarke, having cases of smallpox. An Indian, probably from the wilderness, stole on board the boat. He discovered a watchman lying very still, as if asleep, wrapped in a blanket. He tore away the blanket, wrapped himself in it, and went away to his tribe.

The watchman whose blanket was thus stolen was a victim of the smallpox, and lay, while the Indian thief found him, in a dead or dying condition. The Indian took the disease and died, and the plague spread among the tribes; the Indians "died by the hundreds daily"; they died within "the rising and setting of the day's sun." Their dead bodies were rolled down the bluffs and filled the air with deadly poison. Men shot their families and then themselves. It was in this way that the old Indian tribes were decimated and disappeared.

"About this time," says Audubon's narrative, "Mr. Chardon was informed that one of the young Mandan chiefs was bent on shooting him, believing that he had brought the pestilence upon the Indians. One of Mr. Chardon's clerks heard of this plot, and begged him to remain in the store. At first Mr. Chardon did not place any faith in the tale, but later was compelled to do so, and followed his clerk's advice. The young chief, a short time afterward, fell a victim to this fearful malady; but probably others would

have taken his life had it not been for one of those strange incidents which come, we know not why, nor can we explain them. A number of the chiefs came that day to confer with Mr. Chardon, and while they were talking angrily with him, he sitting with his arms on a table between them, a dove, being pursued by a hawk, flew in through the open door, and sat panting and worn out on Mr. Chardon's arm for more than a minute, when it flew off. The Indians, who were quite numerous, clustered about him, and asked him what the bird came to him for? After a moment's thought he told them that the bird had been sent by the white men, his friends, to see if it was true that the Mandans had killed him, and that it must return with the answer as soon as possible. He added that he had told the dove to say that the Mandans were his friends, and would never kill him, but would do all they could for him. The superstitious red men believed this story implicitly; thenceforth they looked upon Mr. Chardon as one of the Great Spirit's sons, and believed he alone could help them."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE STORY OF HOW THE INDIANS ON THE MISSOURI DISAPPEARED

It was forced upon Mr. Audubon to see how the Indian tribes on the Missouri disappeared. We know of no narrative that pictures this episode of the Indian history of the West like his journals. It was not only the white man's powder that destroyed the tribes, but the plague, as in early New England, that went before the coming of the pioneers.

There are in America few tales more thrilling than those of this terrible period.

The plague, as we have described, spread from tribe to tribe. "The Indians grew fewer day by day." "Within a few hours after death the bodies were a mass of rottenness."

The Indians now began to kill themselves when smitten with the plague.

A young Mandan warrior felt the coming on of the deadly fever.

"My wife, the white man's fire is upon me. I am about to die; go dig my grave!"

The young woman had always obeyed her lord. She marked the place where he should lie, and uncovered the earth for his body.

With the eruptive fever upon him the young warrior dressed himself in his festal robes; he sent for his lance and shield, and, as attired for a war-dance, he began his death march toward the grave which his squaw had digged for him.

He began to sing. His voice rose triumphantly on the air. They watched him from afar, and he went on in measured step in his frenzy.

He came to the grave. He stood upon the earth that was to cover him. He threw his spear and shield into the grave, and began to disrobe, as if going to rest. He threw his garments into the grave. Then he himself stepped down into the grave. He swept the air with his hunting-knife, and sank down upon his weapons and war-dress, and his faithful Indian wife covered him with the blanket of earth.

Another warrior died a more dramatic death. He was a chief.

"The death fever is on me," he cried; "bring me my steed."

His war-steed was brought and he mounted it as one mad.

He flew on his steed from village to village.

"Destroy the white man wherever you find him; it is

he that has brought you death!" he exclaimed wherever he met with his people. "Destroy the white man!"

He rode on until he became so fevered, weak, and dizzy that he could ride no farther steadily, then he turned home.

There white men came to his assistance. Their kindness to him cooled his spirit of revenge, and he confessed to them his wild ride.

"Bury me before your fort," he said, "and all my trophies with me, and when you pass over my grave forgive me."

A yet stranger tale is told of these days of alarm and death. It is of a cure.

A young Indian was burning with the eruptive fever. He probably desired to end his misery, and rolled down into a bed of mud and mire.

The mud-bath relieved him, and he crawled out of the mire and rested on the grass.

The sun was intensely hot, and it baked the mire on to his body almost an inch thick.

But the fever abated. He crawled home, like a great brick. He was speedily recovering.

His care now was to rid himself of his incasement. The eruption came off with the baked earth, and he recovered, but with scars.

Famine succeeded the plague. According to Major Mitchell, a local authority, one hundred and fifty thousand Indians—Mandans, Sioux, and Blackfeet—died. Out of

the Mandan tribes only twenty-seven were left at the end of the devastation.

It was in this way that the Indian power along the Missouri was broken.

The Indians and the great animals were disappearing everywhere. The mighty prairies were becoming the graveyards of the past.

CHAPTER XXIV

A BUFFALO-HUNT—A GREAT BEAR—THE HAND ABOVE THE REEDS

Audubon had made a friend of Lewis Squires, who became his secretary. He went to him one day and said to him:

"Mr. Squires, I have brought to you my Journals, and I wish you to write in them an account of a buffalo-hunt. Such things are passing away, and I wish to keep a true record of one."

In Audubon's Journals was found the following narrative of a buffalo-hunt in Mr. Squires's writing:

"By daylight we were all up, and as our horses had not wandered far, it was the work of a few minutes to catch and saddle them. We rode three or four miles before we discovered anything, but at last we saw a group of three buffaloes some miles from us. We pushed on, and soon neared them; before arriving at their feeding-ground we saw, scattered about, immense quantities of pumice-stone in detached pieces of all sizes; several of the hills appeared to be composed wholly of it. As we approached within two hundred yards of the buffaloes they started, and away

went the hunters after them. My first intention of being merely a looker-on continued up to this moment, but it was impossible to resist following; almost unconsciously I commenced urging my horse after them, and was soon rushing up hills and through ravines; but my horse gave out, and disappointment and anger followed, as McKenzie and Bonaventure succeeded in killing two and wounding a third, which escaped. As soon as they had finished them they commenced skinning and cutting up one, which was soon in the cart, the offal and useless meat being left on the ground. Again the wolves made their appearance as we were leaving; they seemed shy, but Owen McKenzie succeded in killing one, which was old and useless. The other buffalo was soon skinned and in the cart. In the mean time McKenzie and I started on horseback for water. The man who had charge of the keg had let it all run out, and most fortunately none of us had wanted water until now.

"We rode to a pond, the water of which was very salt and warm, but we had to drink this or none; we did so, filled our flasks for the rest of the party, and a few minutes afterward rejoined them. We started again for more meat to complete our load. I observed, as we approached the buffaloes, that they stood still gazing at us with their heads erect, lashing their sides with their tails; as soon as they discovered what we were at, with the quickness of thought they wheeled, and with the most surprising speed, for an animal apparently so clumsy and awkward, flew before us.

"I could hardly imagine that these enormous animals could move so quickly, or realize that their speed was as great as it proved to be; and I doubt if in this country one horse in ten can be found that will keep up with them. We rode five or six miles before we discovered any more. At last we saw a single bull, and while approaching him we started two others; slowly we wended our way toward them within a hundred yards, when away they went.

"I had now begun to enter into the spirit of the chase, and off I started, full speed, down a rough hill in swift pursuit; at the bottom of the hill was a ditch about eight feet wide; the horse cleared this safely. I continued, leading the others by some distance, and rapidly approaching the buffaloes.

"At this prospect of success my feelings can better be imagined than described. I kept the lead of the others till within thirty or forty yards of the buffaloes, when I began making preparations to fire as soon as I was sufficiently near; imagine, if possible, my disappointment when I discovered that now, when all my hopes of success were raised to the highest pitch, I was fated to meet a reverse as mortifying as success would have been gratfying! My horse failed, and slackened his speed, despite every effort of mine to urge him on; the other hunters rushed by me at full speed, and my horse stopped altogether. I saw the others fire; the animal swerved a little, but still kept on.

"After breathing my horse a while, I succeeded in

starting him up again, followed after them, and came up in time to fire one shot ere the animal was brought down. I think that I never saw an eye so ferocious in expression as that of the wounded buffalo: rolling wildly in its socket, inflamed as the eye was, it had the most frightful appearance that can be imagined; and, in fact, the picture presented by the buffalo as a whole is quite beyond my powers of description.

"The fierce eyes, blood streaming from his sides, mouth, and nostrils, he was the wildest, most unearthly-looking thing it ever fell to my lot to gaze upon. His sufferings were short. He was soon cut up and placed in the cart, and we retraced our steps homeward. While proceeding toward our camping-ground for the night, two antelopes were killed and placed on our carts. Wherever we approached these animals they were very curious to see what we were; they would run, first to the right, and then to the left, then suddenly run straight toward us until within gunshot, or nearly so. The horse attracted their attention more than the rider, and if a slight elevation or bush was between us, they were easily killed. As soon as their curiosity was gratified they would turn and run, but it was not difficult to shoot before this occurred. When they turned they would fly over the prairie for about a mile, when they would again stop and look at us.

"During the day we suffered very much for want of water, and drank anything that had the appearance of it, and

most of the water—in fact all of it—was either impregnated with salt, sulphur, or magnesia—most disgusting stuff at any other time, but drinkable now. The worst of all was some rain-water that we were obliged to drink, first placing our handkerchiefs over the cup to strain it, and keep the worms out of our mouths. I drank it, and right glad was I to get even this. We rode about five miles to where we encamped for the night, near a little pond of water.

"In a few minutes we had a good fire of offal to drive away mosquitoes that were in clouds about us. The water had taken away our appetites completely, and we went to bed without eating any supper. Our horses and beds were arranged as on the previous evening. McKenzie and I intended starting for the fort early in the morning.

"We saw a great many magpies, curlews, plovers, doves, and numbers of antelopes. About daylight I awoke and roused McKenzie; a man had gone for the horses, but after a search of two hours returned without finding them; all the party now went off except one man and myself, and all returned without success except Bonaventure, who found an old horse that had been lost since April last. He was dispatched on this to the fort to get other horses, as we had concluded that ours were either lost or stolen. As soon as he had gone, one of the men started again in search of the runaways, and in a short time returned with them. McKenzie and I soon rode off. We saw two grizzly bears at the lake again. Our homeward road we made much

shorter by cutting off several turns; we overtook Bonaventure about four miles from our encampment, and passed him. We rode forty miles to the fort in a trifle over six hours. We had traveled in all about one hundred and twenty miles. Bonaventure arrived two hours after we did, and the carts came in the evening."

It is the story of an inexperienced hunter, but in this way the buffaloes and elk and the great animals of the Northwest disappeared, leaving only their white bones as the tombstones of the monarchs of the soil. Civilization was at war with the buffalo and all of the great animals of the Bad Lands and the prairies that bordered the mountains.

A GREAT BEAR

The forms of gigantic bears were seen among the disappearing animals of this transition period of American life.

People delighted in telling hunting stories on the slow steamers and at the trading-posts. One of these stories finds record in Audubon's Journal, told by one Mr. Denig:

"In the year 1835 two men set out from a trading-post at the head of the Cheyenne, and in the neighborhood of the Black Hills, to trap beaver. Their names were Michel Carrière and Bernard Le Brun. Carrière was a man about seventy years old, and had passed most of his life in the Indian country in this dangerous occupation of trapping.

"One evening as they were setting their traps along the banks of a stream tributary to the Cheyenne, some-

what wooded by bushes and cottonwood-trees, their ears were suddenly saluted by a growl, and in a moment a large she bear rushed upon them. Le Brun, being a young and active man, immediately picked up his gun, and shot the bear through the bowels. Carrière also fired, but missed. The bear then pursued them, but as they ran for their lives their legs did them good service; they escaped through the bushes, and the bear lost sight of them.

"They had concluded the bear had given up the chase, and were again engaged in setting up their traps, when Carrière, who was a short distance from Le Brun, went through a small thicket with a trap and came directly in front of the huge, wounded beast, which with one spring bounded upon him and tore him in an awful manner. With one stroke of the paw on his face and forehead she cut his nose in two, and one of the claws reached inwardly nearly to the brain at the root of the nose; the same stroke tore out his right eye and most of the flesh from that side of his face. His arm and side were *literally torn to pieces*, and the bear, after handling him in this gentle manner for two or three minutes, threw him upward about six feet, where he lodged, to all appearance dead, in the fork of a tree. Le Brun, hearing the noise, ran to his assistance, and again shot the bear and killed it. He then brought what he at first thought was the dead body of his friend to the ground. Little appearance of a human being was left to the poor man, but Le Brun found life was not wholly extinct.

"He made a *travaille* and carried him by short stages to the nearest trading-post, where the wounded man slowly recovered, but was, of course, the most mutilated-looking being imaginable. Carrière, in telling the story, says that he fully believes it to have been the Holy Virgin that lifted him up and placed him in the fork of the tree, and thus preserved his life.

"The bear is stated to have been as large as a common ox, and must have weighed, therefore, not far from fifteen hundred pounds. Mr. Denig adds that he saw the man about a year after the accident, and some of the wounds were even then not healed. Carrière fully recovered, however, lived a few years, and was killed by the Blackfeet near Fort Union."

The exploring party were now in the country of the Assiniboin Indians, the mighty Yellowstone River, of the bighorns, and the Bad Lands, which looked like deserts of tombs.

They were in disappearing old America, and it is the wonder of the world that the ancient conditions of life so suddenly vanished, and that steam, electricity, and a democratic spirit should have changed this stupendous scene of barbarism to a high civilization in a single century.

It is the law of the world that nothing can long last before that which is better, and never was there such an illustration of the law of the survival of the fittest than old America and new America on the Missouri, of which the

work of Audubon has left an enduring picture in literature and art. He painted the past, and left it to the historian.

He went to Florida.

There were no great hotels in Florida then; railroads did not interline the State, and the river-boats were few. In all streams and pools appeared the alligators' heads. Audubon wandered over the pine-barrens and under the coverts of lacing vines, among the live-oaks, where flourished the begonias and jessamines, and where almost night and day the rapturous mocking-birds sang.

The wood-cutters or the "live-oakers" had begun to do their work of opening the hard forests to the cold of the north, which has come at last to make roads of freezing currents of air to blight the once teeming orange trees.

The lands in many places were so alike as to lead a traveler to go round in a circle. The moon turned the Stygian pools, with their webs of gray moss, into mirror-like enchantments. Here the herons stood like statues, and the trumpet-creepers hung their bells from the mosses.

The turtle islands, or Tortugas, in the clear purple seas, drew thither his boat. The sea seemed filled with jewels and the air with wings. The sunsets and sunrises were encircling splendors. Here he saw the turtles laying their eggs in the sand.

Here he met the "turtlers," men of humble birth, who

John J. Audubon

were beginning a trade which has come to enrich the tables of Northern cities.

One of these toilers in the semi-tropic sands related to him a remarkable story, in substance like the following:

THE HAND ABOVE THE REEDS

"I was paddling one night," ran the story of the turtler, "along the sandy shore, close to the tall grass that glimmered in the red light of the setting sun. I was preparing to spread my mosquito-net over me and to pass the night in the watery, reedy wilderness.

"Thousands of bullfrogs and reptiles filled the air with lively sounds; flocks of blackbirds were dropping down into the coverts.

"There opened to me a little stream, and to insure the safety of my canoe from a night storm I turned into it.

"A sight that astonished me burst suddenly on my eyes. It was an unknown boat or yawl. It was stained with blood, but it had no boatman.

"I paddled up to this mysterious craft in the lonely river, and looked over the gunwale. My eyes were distended with horror. There were two human bodies in the silent boat, and they were livid and bespattered with gore.

"Was this a ghost scene? Were the men victims of pirates, or of hostile Indians?

"If these regions were the resort of such enemies as seemed to have been here, I, too, might be in danger.

"The sun was setting; night was coming on with the usual watery moon.

"Suddenly a sound of deep distress fell upon my ear, distant groans as of one in mortal agony.

"I drifted my canoe on shore, and reprimed my gun, and started in the direction of the sound.

"As I gazed with fixed eyes in the same direction, a human hand was raised above the reeds. It beckoned.

"I pushed my way toward it.

"A head arose; then the breast of a man.

"'Help, for the sake of mercy!'

"The face was terrible. The agony of death was in it.

"The hand fell; the head sank into the reeds, and there was a deep silence.

"Was this a vision? Was the man dead, or was he the victim of some foul deed, and dying?

"I went to the place where the hand had been raised. There lay the body of a man, wounded and mangled, and in dying agonies.

"'Water!'

"I ran for water and filled my cup with it, and hastened back to him. I felt of his heart, and bathed his temples.

"He had a powerful frame, and his chest was rising and falling as in his last agony. A cutlass lay by his side. I saw that he was a pirate.

"Darkness now fell upon the wilderness.

"'Friend,' said I, 'do you believe in God?'

"'I never studied the ways of him of whom you speak. I am an outlaw. I have been a cruel man, and I am dying here in the swamps of reeds. I murdered members of my own family; so I deserve my fate. Give me water and let me die.'

"The moon rose. I pointed toward the grand sight and said 'God.'

"But his mind was not to be turned toward sacred things.

"'I sailed from Matanzas,' he said; 'I have money, but it is buried where it never will be found.'

"His voice failed.

"'I—am—a—dying—man— Farewell!"

"He fell into my arms. I could not support him. I laid him down. He was dead.

"I went back to the boat where I had discovered the two dead bodies. The buzzards were feeding on them."

Such was one scene of the old days of beautiful Florida.

CHAPTER XXV

AUDUBON AND DANIEL WEBSTER, OF MARSHFIELD FARMS

In early life Audubon gave himself to the people of the woods for the sake of his studies in bird-life and botany. Abraham Lincoln once said, when asked how he came to have such varied knowledge, "I am ready to learn of every one who can teach me anything." If a man know one thing better than another, he can well teach any one who does not know that one thing. Audubon studied in his early life among those who could best open to him the book of the woods.

His associations later in life were with the same class of men, but there were new scientists and statesmen who had discovered in themselves a love of nature, and so gravitated toward him as a brother. Charles Bonaparte was one of these; Cuvier and Humboldt were others. We have told you of Wilson and of the Greek naturalist.

Among the friends of his later years was—not Webster, the statesman, as a statesman—Farmer Webster, of Marshfield.

Strangely enough, Webster was a lover of birds and ani-

mals, and he developed this love amid all the changes of his political career. Amid all the weary hours that he passed over the portfolios of State, his heart turned to Marshfield. He was in Washington the man who shaped the destiny of the nation and of nations, but at Marshfield he was simply Farmer Webster, and it is said that all the farmers for miles around his estate looked happier when he was among them.

Did Audubon love the mocking-bird? Webster's favorite in the realm of nature was quite different: he came to make the ox—the strong, docile ox—his favorite representative of the animal world. To raise great oxen and to plow was his delight. He liked to hold the plow and with his own hands to break the soil.

Daniel Webster

Marshfield salt meadows were full of sea-birds. Webster loved them, and to study their haunts and habits.

He delighted in the morning hours—the hours of the birds and animals of the woods.

Would you know what a soul of the naturalist he had? Let us illustrate it in his own glowing words, and you will see how Audubon and he were brothers in heart even before they met:

"I rose at four o'clock, and have looked forth. The firmament is glorious. Jupiter and Venus are magnificent, 'and stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole.' I wish I could once see the constellations of the South, though I do not think they can excel the heavens which are over our heads. An hour or two hence we shall have a fine sunrise. The long twilights of this season of the year make the sun's rising a slow and beautiful progress. About an hour hence these lesser lights will begin to 'pale their ineffectual fires.'"

Meantime, Mr. Baker and his men are already milking and feeding the cows, and his wife has a warm breakfast for them all ready, before a bright fire. Such is country life, and such is the price paid for manly strength and female health and red cheeks.

He used to exclaim in his burdened moments:

"O Marshfield by the sea, by the sea!"

Hear him describe a morning hour on this estate by the wide sea-meadows:

"It is morning, and a morning sweet and fresh and delightful. Everybody knows the morning, in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects and on so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years lead us to call that period the 'morning of life.' Of a lovely young woman we say she is 'bright as the morning,' and no one doubts why Lucifer is called 'son of the morning.' But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants

of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people of Boston not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak or a piece of toast. With them morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking-up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first faint streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the 'glorious sun is seen, regent of day,' this they never enjoy, for this they never see.

"Beautiful descriptions of the 'morning' abound in all languages, but they are the strongest, perhaps, in those of the East, where the sun is so often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself the 'wings of the morning.' This is highly poetical and beautiful. The 'wings of the morning' are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of righteousness shall arise 'with healing in his wings'; a rising sun, which shall scatter light, and health, and joy throughout the universe. Milton has fine descriptions of

morning; but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful images, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled.

"I never thought that Adam had much advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are 'new every morning' and 'fresh every evening.' We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be.

"I know the morning; I am acquainted with it, and I love it, fresh and sweet as it is, a daily new creation, breaking forth, and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude."

The extract is a poem. Such a heart was formed to welcome Audubon, and when the great interpreter of the American forests came to him he found himself in him, and was received with open arms by the Marshfield farmer.

So the wonders of the forests of Marshfield were disclosed to the visitor to Boston. Webster met him at a banquet, and made Boston delightful to him.

"I have confidence in the people of Boston," said Audubon to his son. "Live among them if you can." *

Schooled in nature, Webster's love for great oxen grew. He used to rise early in the morning to feed them with his own hand. It is said that the cattle on the place came to know him, so that not only the houses but the barns of Marshfield were gladdened when he was there.

There are few more beautiful stories of lovers of natural history than one of the last days of the defender of the Constitution. His biographer, George Ticknor Curtis, thus tells it:

"It was also during those days of gradual declension of his strength, and after he had become unable to go abroad, that the incident occurred which was so characteristic of him, and which has been perhaps more remembered than almost anything of the same nature that has been told of him. Mr. Webster, as we have seen, had an extraordinary fondness for great oxen, and he took much pains to possess the choicest breeds. He liked a good horse, and appreciated the fine points of the animal; but he was not a *lover* of the horse. I am not sure that he cared anything for dogs, although, in his most active days of shooting, he may have kept a spaniel or a pointer. But of all the brute creation he loved the ox. Oxen were the pets of his large agricultural tastes, and when he could not see and feed them he missed one of his greatest pleasures. He had come

* Audubon's own words.

down one fine morning after a night of pain, and was seated in one of the parlors that looked upon the lawn. There he had a herd of his best oxen driven in front of the windows that he might look once more into their great, gentle eyes, and see them crop the grass. 'It was,' said Porter Wright, in his natural way, 'his last enjoyment.'"

Webster died at Marshfield, and was buried there by the sea-meadows and by the sea.

Not the least among his influences were that he inspired Audubon, and honored the mission of the naturalist as one of the noblest among men.

And Audubon also helped Webster to see glories of the morning when the birds sang, and the beauties of the evening on the farm when "the kye comes hame." Can we wonder that Webster loved Gray's Elegy?

CHAPTER XXVI

THE PROTECTOR OF BIRDS

Ignorance is the parent of cruelty. As Audubon studied the bird world his tenderness toward the winged inhabitants of the air grew. He had no camera, but he spared the birds and animals that he made his specimens needless pain. He came to see the rights of all creatures as an unwritten law.

Audubon was a master of vivid writing; he almost equaled his friend, Washington Irving.

One of the most powerful passages in his works represents the wicked work and heartlessness of the egg-hunters of Labrador. It is worthy of being spoken of at meetings of the Audubon societies, for it shows the true naturalist's heart in its indignation against cruelty to the dumb creation:

"See yon shallop shyly sailing along; she sneaks like a thief, wishing, as it were, to shun the very light of heaven. Under the lee of every rocky isle some one at the tiller steers her course.

"Were his trade an honest one he would not think of hiding his back behind the terrific rocks that seem to have

been placed there as a resort for the myriads of birds that annually visit this desolate region of the earth for the purpose of rearing their young at a distance from all disturbers of their peace. How unlike the open, bold, honest mariner, whose face needs no mask, who scorns to skulk under any circumstances!

"The vessel herself is a shabby thing; her sails are patched with stolen pieces of better canvas, the owners of which have probably been stranded on some inhospitable coast, and have been plundered, perhaps murdered, by the wretches before us. Look at her again. Her sides are neither painted nor even pitched; no, they are daubed over, plastered and patched with stripes of sealskins laid along the seams. Her deck has never been washed or sanded; her hold—for no cabin has she—though at present empty, sends forth an odor pestilential as that of a charnel-house. The crew, eight in number, lie sleeping at the foot of their tottering mast, regardless of the repairs needed in every part of her rigging. But see! she scuds along, and, as I suspect her crew to be bent on the commission of some evil deed, let us follow her to the first harbor.

"There rides the filthy thing. The afternoon is half over. Her crew have thrown their boat overboard; they enter and seat themselves, one with a rusty gun. One of them sculls the skiff toward an island, for a century past the breeding-place of myriads of guillemots, which are now to be laid under contribution.

"At the approach of the vile thieves clouds of birds rise from the rock and fill the air around, wheeling and screaming over their enemies; yet thousands remain in an erect posture, each covering its single egg, the hope of both parents. The reports of several muskets loaded with heavy shot are now heard, while several dead and wounded birds fall heavily on the rock or into the water. Instantly all the sitting birds rise and fly off affrighted to their companions above, and hover in dismay over the assassins, who walk forward exultantly, and with their shouts mingling oaths and execrations.

"Look at them! See how they crush the chick within its shell! How they trample on every egg in their way with their huge and clumsy boots! Onward they go, and when they leave the isle not an egg that they can find is left entire. The dead birds they collect and carry to their boat. Now they have regained their filthy shallop, they strip the birds by a single jerk of their feathery apparel, while the flesh is yet warm, and throw them on some coals, where in a short time they are broiled; the rum is produced when the guillemots are fit for eating, and after stuffing themselves with this oily fare, and enjoying the pleasures of beastly intoxication, over they tumble on the deck of their crazy craft, where they pass the short hours of night in turbid slumber.

"The sun now rises above the snow-clad summit of the eastern mount; 'sweet is the breath of morn,' even in this

desolate land. The gay bunting erects his white crest, and gives utterance to the joy he feels in the presence of his brooding mate; the willow grouse on the rock crows his challenge aloud; each floweret, chilled by the night air, expands its pure petals; the gentle breeze shakes from the blades of grass the heavy dewdrops.

"On the guillemot isle the birds have again settled, and now renew their loves. Startled by the light of day, one of the eggers springs on his feet and rouses his companions, who stare around them for a while, endeavoring to recollect their senses. Mark them, as with clumsy fingers they clear their drowsy eyes; slowly they rise on their feet. See how the lubbers stretch out their arms and yawn; you shrink back, for verily 'that throat might frighten a shark.' But the master, soon recollecting that so many eggs are worth a dollar or a crown, casts his eye toward the rock, marks the day in his memory, and gives orders to depart. The light breeze enables them to reach another harbor a few miles distant—one which, like the last, lies concealed from the ocean by some other rocky isle. Arrived there, they re-enact the scene of yesterday, crushing every egg that they can find.

"For a week each night is passed in drunkenness and brawls, until, having reached the last breeding-place on the coast, they return, touch in every isle in succession, shoot as many birds as they need, collect the fresh eggs, and lay in a cargo. At every step each ruffian picks up an egg, so

beautiful that any man with a feeling heart would pause to consider the motive which could induce him to carry it off.

"But nothing of this sort occurs to the egger, who gathers and gathers until he has swept the rock bare. The dollars alone chink in his sordid mind, and he assiduously plies the trade which no man would ply who had the talents and industry to procure subsistence by honorable means."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE INN IN THE FOREST—STRANGE NEWS

We return to the old forest inn once more. It is toward evening, and the same people are there—Calvert, the farmers, and the hermit of the hut at the mouth of Echo Cave.

The farmers are weary and are resting on the bench under the trees, some holding rakes and some pitchforks in their hands. Their horses are eating green grass by the wayside. Herons and birds that go in the long twilights to feed on the banks of the rivers are wending their solitary ways in the clear sky, their plumage reddened by the flushes of the near sunset.

The woods are still. The chambers of the air hold a "solemn stillness," save the chippering of swallows.

A lusty man came riding up to the inn. He had been to the village and had brought the weekly mail. He spread the letters on the open table of the shop part of the inn, which served as a post-office, then took his weekly Washington paper out to the stoop and sat down.

"What's the news, Squire James?" asked one of the farmers.

"Wait till I look over the paper, and I will tell you, should I find anything worthy of remark."

Some of the men lit their pipes; others fanned themselves with burdock leaves; and others sat motionless.

The reader at last looked up.

"Well, here is something strange. Calvert! Calvert, come out here now, and stand in the cool. I've something to read to you."

"Well, what it is, squire?"

"Say, don't you remember that young man, Audubon?"

"Yes, yes, I can see him now in my mind's eye. He hunted chickadees."

"You laughed at him?"

"Any one would; he gave away his own property to his sister, and he lost all his wife's fortune, and took to portrait-painting to pay his debts. Laughed at him! I guess I did. Why, he looked like a wild man of the woods, always a bird-hunting and painting birds—didn't know enough to earn his salt."

"Had you heard that he had written a book?"

"A book! What could be written about wrens, and chickadees, and owls? Who does he expect is going to read it?"

"He has been selling it by subscription."

"What does he ask for it?"

"A thousand dollars a copy, I am told."

"A thousand dollars! Has any one bought one yet?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"The king."

"You don't say that. Squire, you are joking!"

"No, no. I have just been reading something in the paper about him. What do you think it is?"

"That breaks me. He was about the most unlikely man to come to any good end that I ever met. But, as I think of it, he meant to be honest and was good-hearted, and he loved nature, and he studied the woods as though he had a royal commission to find out all about nature and birds and animals, and things that we hold at small account. But, squire, read us what the paper says about him. I hold no grudge against him."

"He has been given a present."

"I am glad of that. I hope it is something useful. Few people can need help more. Who has made him a present?"

"The emperor."

"You don't say so, squire! What emperor?"

"The Czar."

"The Czar of Russia?"

"The Czar of Russia."

"How did the Czar of Russia hear of him?"

"He has seen the birds that he painted."

"What, those that he painted out here?"

"A thousand dollars a copy!"

"Yes, the birds of the American forest."

"The chickadees, and herons, and eagles?"

"Yes."

"Who showed them to him?"

"A court botanist. The Czar has been visiting England."

"The court of Queen Victoria?"

"Yes."

"You amaze me, squire; it don't seem possible! I knew that man had a purpose in him; I could see it in his eye. What is it the Czar has given him?"

"A snuff-box."

"That ain't much of a gift."

"But probably it is gold."

"That alters the case."

"And studded with gems, as I think. But that is not all; for the Czar to give a golden snuff-box to a scientist is a mark of the highest distinction. Audubon has become one of the most famous men of the world. Let me read."

He read a paragraph relating to the delight which the Czar had found in Audubon's American Birds, which he had examined on his visit to the English court.

The men stood up, tired as they were, to listen to the wonderful intelligence.

"I hope he won't come this way with one of his books," said Calvert. "I never have made one thousand dollars

keeping store and tavern, and he, it seems, has made a fortune by painting a chickadee."

The strange news spread through the forest towns around the inn. The old people remembered the tattered hunter, his long hair and broad forehead.

The minister spoke of it in the lone church at the three corners, and said:

"'Seest thou the man diligent in his business?' Where shall he stand?"

"'Before kings,'" said a forester.

So was fulfilled the prophecy of the Knitter of Nantes, who read in the boy the laws of life that compel success.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE HOME OF AUDUBON ON THE HUDSON—WHAT A NATURALIST'S HOME SHOULD BE—THE MUSICAL WOODPECKER

Let us now, in fancy, following implied facts, pay a visit to Audubon in his serene old age. What was the home life of this man who had left the great studies of the historic painter David, while yet a youth, to draw and picture American forest birds?

It is a June day on the Hudson, near the fifties. We steal away from the hammering, growing, pulsing city, to Audubon Park, a place now within the city, to a country-seat, then a little way out of the city. The home of the naturalist is beautiful; it is shaded with noble trees; it has two balconies, or a portico and a balcony, and the latter looks down the winding way of the Hudson.

We enter the grounds, and the wonders begin. The air is full of life, the flowers are blooming, and the birds are singing; we feel the charm of nature in happiest mood; we stop in the grounds, where a noble elk lifts his horns, and some fawns stand near him, and as he looks toward us their eyes follow his.

Dogs are there, but the elk and the fawns do not seem to fear them.

One of the dogs comes to meet us in a friendly way; and, strangely enough, the fawns follow him, as out of curiosity.

Majestic oaks are here, and elms, and a musical woodpecker is drumming with the singing of robins and orioles and larks. Why should not he drum when the orchestra in the trees needs this harmonious tree drum for nature's true poetry?

Nature is lovely here, for everything is in harmony. Here the bees hum, yonder sings the river.

A servant stands in an open door.

"Is Mr. Audubon in?" we ask.

"He is in his rooms with his plates. Would you like to see him?"

The tone of the voice reveals a man, and there was something in the servant's voice that caught the spirit of the place. The great trees, the singing birds, the animals in the grounds, and the serving-man all seemed to have the spirit of Audubon. There was harmony in all.

We enter. The naturalist hears our feet, and comes to meet us. He is thin, with an heroic head. He extends his hand.

"We have come from the city to call on you out of respect for all that you have done for our country," says our speaker.

"You are all very kind to think of me now that my years are declining, and I assure you that you are very welcome. Sit down where we can see the Hudson flow. The birds sing gaily here in the early morning. I love to sit down here, and dream of my old forest days with Victor."

We look around. The room is full of specimens of rare birds and skins of great animals. In one corner are easels.

He tells us stories of some of these animals, his white locks falling over his shoulders.

"The city is a prison," he says; "only those who live in the country are free. I have loved the country from a boy, and I rejoice that I can pass my old age among the birds.

"My father taught me to do my work of life well, whatever it might be, and to follow my inward calling in whatever I undertook. The old servants at Nantes prophesied that I would fulfil my purpose in life; in Humboldt I saw a pattern of what I would like to do. I forsook everything for the life of a painter of birds, and I did this with no thought of gaining money or personal fame, but out of love of the subject and of America. I have failed in my plans many times in life; but my dear wife and sons believed in me—they held up my hands. He is a strong man who holds the love of the family heart."

Victor comes into the room. He is a fine-looking man, with the consciousness of moral worth on his face.

"This is my forest boy," says Audubon. "How many hours have we passed together listening to the songs of birds!"

"I would ask, 'Does the woodpecker drum for grubs, or to make music for other birds?'"

"Lucy!" he calls.

"In a moment!"

A little woman, the very impersonation of purpose and refinement, comes into the room.

"This is the gentle lady who left everything, and went into the forests to nurse Victor under the trees. The danger of the fever in the woods had no terror for her. She loved. I introduced her to the President one day, and she dined with him; and if she took snuff, which Heaven forbid, she might do so out of the Czar's snuff-box. Lucy believed in me when no one else but my two sons did. I want you to take her by the hand. I love her with the same old love. Happy is he who holds a heart like hers. It is the best of all things to be true-hearted."

Another room contains his old leathern dress of the woods, and his portfolio cases that could not be destroyed by the weather.

We wander about the place. All bird-life here seems happy and contented. Wings and fur feet gravitate *to* and not *from* the stranger.

We pass along the aisles of the green leaves. The musical woodpecker is drumming again.

"Does he drum for grubs?" asks the speaker.

"Sometimes, but not now. He is drumming for *sound.* He is a musician,* and his mate is near."

We turn away, and we have seen how nature may be made a place holy.

---

* "Certain varieties of woodpeckers play on musical instruments for the benefit of their mates."—AUDUBON.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE LAST DAYS

Audubon died in the bosom of his family in "Minniesland," now Audubon Park, New York, on January 27, 1851, and was laid to rest in Trinity Churchyard, where his monument may be seen.

"Continue my work," was the dying man's thought. "Finish my work, my sons; let it live in you."

"Continue my work" was also his message to the world. The sons of Audubon are gone, but the Audubon Societies continue the work, and will ever do so, in the name of the American Woodman and the Protector of Birds.

Victor Audubon, the true-hearted son and forest companion of his father in the days that made the great naturalist's influence, fortune, and fame, fulfilled the promise of his peculiar education. He became a notable painter of animals, and thus completed his father's work. His whole career shows what a boy may be to a father to whom has been given some noble and self-sacrificing work to do, who is "true to his own."

Thus, somewhat after the manner of fiction, but always fiction true to the spirit of fact, we have tried to present a

Monument in Trinity Cemetery, Amsterdam Avenue,
New York.

view of the life of the great naturalist. We must ask the reader to continue this book by reading Audubon's Ornithological Biographies,* and then by studying nature with a camera, and reading the book of God in the real birds among the leaves of the trees.

"Continue the work!"

---

* These are published by the Scribners, with the naturalist's journals and memoirs.

APPENDIX

HOW TO FORM AN AUDUBON SOCIETY

SUGGESTIONS AND SELECTIONS FOR CLUBS

No bad man is known to have loved birds and to have made them his friends. Friendship with birds stands for all that is best in life.

A generation ago a man who would paint a bird must sacrifice the life of the bird. The camera has now made this shutting out of the life of a bird unnecessary. The taming of birds by putting suet and scraps on branches and twigs of trees near glass windows brings the lone winter bird into view without taking its life.

The study of birds is the study of many sides of nature. Form your little club for the study of birds, and let each member have a sketching camera.

St. Valentine's Day was once regarded as the beginning of the English spring. It was, after the old poets' legends, the wedding-day of the birds. Let the annual meeting of the bird-lovers' society be held, when convenient, on St. Valentine's Day, in winter, or, if summer time be desirable, under the trees in the open field.

Study Audubon, Wilson, Burroughs, Emerson, Thoreau, Frank M. Chapman, Torrey, Coues, Olive Thorne Miller, and others, and bird pictures, and consult Chapman's Handbook of Birds and Bird Life.

Study skill in the use of the field-camera. Note the advice in Chapman's Bird Studies with a Camera. Let your motto be the "protection of birds." It stands for education, for justice in all things; it teaches the true lesson of all life.

Be able to name each bird that cleaves the air, and to relate some story about it. Have field-classes after the manner of the class established by the girls of Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts. This method is not only heart education; it is health. It puts true love of nature into life.

Let your club describe the birds that stay in winter, and in the spring and summer let it study the birds as they come from the South.

Have bird-calendars, and sit down in some woody place betimes, and wait for the birds to come.

Watch the birds as they build their nests. Photograph them, and put these photographs of their habits on the club-room walls.

Fill the club-room with pictures, collected and original. Have an Audubon portrait, if you can.

In regard to recitations, study the poetry of Wilson, and the collections of poems on birds. Wilson was the true bird-poet.

We submit a few selections of poems from sympathetic authors, at the end of this Appendix, which teach the protection of birds, and which may be used in young people's societies.

HOW TO TAME BIRDS WITHOUT CAGES

The people of Old England and New England did this by erecting bird-houses on piles near the gable-windows. In rural districts the bird-house was a principal ornament of the garden; it rose high over the orchard boughs or amid household trees.

The people of New England erected "martin-boxes," as a swallow-house was called, and they rejoiced in the high sun of spring when the martin-birds first came to them.

The bluebird was a dweller in these New England bird-houses. The wren made his nest in them. The oriole wove her pouched nest in the tops of the high, sunny elms, and the swallows or swifts came yearly to the chimney. There was new joy in the household when the wings of the swift were heard whirring in the chimney.

In the winter the same people hung meat on the bare limbs of the dooryard trees for the birds—"liver and lights" this meat used to be called. The chickadees fed on it, and even the "red-headed" woodpecker in days of northern storms and stress.

The robins' nests were protected, as were the nests of the ospreys, which were thought to bring good luck. So were the nests of the barn swallows.

These simple methods have hardly been improved upon. There was a charm in the bird-houses of the orchards and trees. It delighted the traveler to ride by them.

How tame did these methods make the birds? So tame that the robins would come to the doors and call for help if a cat were found climbing a tree to a nest. The old ospreys would give a like alarm if a strange hunter were

found near their nests in the oaks. The birds of Old England and New England came to have a sense of protection; they came to know that the farmers' families were their friends.

The catbird would build her nest in the hedges under the dooryard walls. The thrushes would seek the friendly boughs of the home trees.

1. The best way to begin the taming of birds without cages is to erect these friendly and alluring bird cages and boxes. The use of the camera in picturing birds now suggests that these houses be erected near second- or third-story windows where the habits of the birds can be watched and easily pictured. The study of the nest is the study of life, and all the kindly purposes and methods of nature are in it; it is a parable of universal beneficence.

2. Bring the nests of the sweetest singers—as the thrushes, the orioles, the bluebirds—as near the house as possible under these friendly influences. It is always delightful to listen to the cooings of the doves in the dovecote of the barn or crib. The field and forest birds may be made as friendly. When the birds find that the family are their friends, they will build their nests as near as possible to their protectors.

3. Having brought the birds near your home by your friendliness, study the songs of the birds. There is spiritual meaning in these songs. All things are one with God, their source. The birds may be your psalter and choir. You will love them dearly more and more.

4. Some of the kindergartners of Germany and Switzerland induce uncaged birds to visit the windows for nest-building and for food. It is a part of the beneficent educa-

tion of the systems of Pestalozzi and Froebel to encourage the birds to come to the schoolroom as object-lessons, or as teachers from the woods and fields. Have bird-houses in the schoolyard, and let it be a marked day when the protected young birds leave their nests.

Let the church teach this affection for the inhabitants of the air, as did Francis of Assisi, who made the birds his brothers; Father Taylor, of the Old North Square, Boston, about whose head the pigeons used to flock; and Phillips Brooks, whose church-tower is still full of wings. The Hebrews had this sense of what was due to the song wings, and the swallow found a "nest for the young" at the sacred altar.

5. Study the birds that protect trees and crops; give the crows and blackbirds their true place in nature.

6. Study birds that see in the night. Let the study not be confined to day-birds, but to those that protect crops by night seeing, by destroying aerial insects—the night-hawk, the night-jay, the owls and bats, as if the bat were a bird.

Among these are the chimney-swallow that sleeps at noonday, the whippoorwill of song, the herons of many kinds. The mocking-bird is the prima donna of the night, and sings all songs in one.

RUSTIC BIRD-HOMES

In England bird-boxes make cheerful the trees and hedgerows around English cottages. In New England in the last centuries, "martin-boxes" or bird-homes caused the glimmerings of happy wings in the dooryard trees. Holes for swallows and "St. Martin's birds" were cut under the eaves on the sunny side of the farmhouse, and perches were placed under them. The true spring began

when the good wife and children heard the swallows twittering under the eaves.

The boys delighted in making bird-boxes or houses in winter. These were placed on poles, and sometimes the hop-vines were set so as to twine around them. Such houses in places adorned the grape arbors and cribs. They were sometimes made in the form of a church and spire. They are not as often seen now. They should reappear.

There came a period of rustic ornaments for the home, rustic-work fences, verandas, and hanging baskets. This work suggested the natural bird-house—a hollow log, like a keg, set on gables, poles, and in the crotches of trees.

The bluebirds and wrens delight in these bird-houses. The swallows find natural retreat in them, when they are placed on poles, or high in trees.

They may be ornamented with rustic kinds of pine or cedar, or a honeysuckle may be trained to grow so as to cover them. Perches or pegs may be set at the entrance to the hollow cavity. The hollow trunks of apple-trees may be made roomy chambers for nests.

The migratory birds may thus be brought into intimate relations with the family. They may be rendered so tame by feeding and protection as to return to the same place for many years. The pigeon-house may be fastened in this way, and so as to form a very sightly ornament to the crib or stable.

The limbs of trees that contain the homes of the carpenter birds, as the woodpeckers, should be protected. After the woodpeckers have left them to make cavities in other trees, the bluebirds and wrens will take possession of the old cavities.

Open rustic-work may be placed over a nest that is in danger of being destroyed by a cat, as the nest of a robin near the house on a friendly limb. The robin would be likely to return to it a second year.

The birds that build in the walls may be protected in this way, as also the night-birds that nest on rocks. A friendly atmosphere makes friendly birds, and the rusticity has a charm that is educational. Such things are kindly thoughts embodied, and they make home sacred and the memories of dooryard trees lasting joys. They make young people's hearts turn home wherever they may be.

SUGGESTIONS OF TOPICS FOR CLUBS

1. Study how the birds prepared the earth for man.

2. Study the evidences of reason in birds—how they build their nests in different ways so as to escape from their enemies; how the partridge uses illusion to protect her young.

3. Study the bird songs of the morning—the song of triumph; of the evening—the song of meditation and rest.

4. Study how birds help man:
    1. The birds that protect the garden and fruit bushes, the robins, the finches, the blackbirds.
    2. The herons, that extract worms from animals' flesh.
    3. The birds that protect trees by grubbing, as the woodpeckers.
    4. The birds that clear the air—the swallows.
    5. The birds that destroy sap-eating insects, as the magpie.

6. The birds that purify flowers, as the humming-birds.
7. The birds that protect fruit, as the bee-eater.
8. The birds that destroy the seeds of weeds, as the goldfinch.
9. The birds that destroy larvæ, as the wren.
10. The woodpecker as a meteorologist.
11. Birds like the crow, that protect more than they destroy.
12. Birds that give warning to other birds, like the thrush.
13. The birds' singing-schools for the young.
14. The rivalries of song in the wood.
15. The poets and the birds:
    1. The Birds of Shakespeare.
    2. The Birds of Wordsworth.
    3. The Birds of Longfellow.

SELECTIONS FOR RECITATION AT AUDUBON SOCIETIES

THE AMERICAN BLUEBIRD

BY ALEXANDER WILSON

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
  Green meadows and brown furrowed fields reappearing;
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
  And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;

When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
  When red grow the maples, 'mid swelling buds burning,
Oh then comes the bluebird, the herald of spring,
  And hails with his warblings the season's returning.

Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring,
  Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
Then blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
  And spice-wood and sassafras budding together.
Oh then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair,
  Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The bluebird will chant from his box such an air,
  That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
  The red-flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
  And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
He draws the vile grub from the corn it devours,
  The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours,
  And all that he asks is in summer a shelter.

The plowman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
  Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him;
The gard'ner delights in his sweet simple strain,
  And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow-ling'ring schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
  While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em,
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
  That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
  And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow;
And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,
  Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow—
The bluebird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
  Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow;
Till, forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
  He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
  The green face of earth and the pure blue of heaven;
Or love's native music have influence to charm,
  Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given—
Still dear to each bosom the bluebird shall be;
  His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
For through bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
  He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure.

THE FLORIDA IBIS

The Southern Cross uplifts one glowing star
Between the horizon and the Gulf afar;
I watch the light from the lone river bar,
    And gaze across the sea—

A sea on which a hundred sunsets glow,
Whose tides around a hundred islands flow,
Where lies the sky above in deeps below—
    A shadow falls on me.

Has heaven opened?—do evangels fly,
As in the prophet's heaven, across the sky?
A hundred silver wings now fill my eye,
    A cloud of wings, as one.

O Ibis, Ibis! whose thin wings of white
Scarce stir the roses of the sunset light,
When day dissolving leaves the coasts to night,
And far seas hide the sun;

From weedy weirs, where blaze the tropic noons;
Savannas dark, where cool the fiery moons;
From still Lake Worth, and mossy-walled lagoons,
Where never footsteps stray;

To far Clearwater, and its isles of pine;
From beryl seas to seas of opaline,
Those level coasts where helpless sea-conchs shine—
Thou driftest on thy way!

O Ibis, Ibis, bird of Hermes bold,
The avatar to men from gates of gold,
That blessed all eyes that saw thy wings of old!
My thought, like thee, hath wings.

I follow thee, as cool the shadows fall,
And burn the stars on yon horizon's wall;
And Memphian altars, as my thoughts recall,
My soul to thee upsprings!

My heart to-night with nature's soul is thrilled,
As with the fire that priests of Isis filled
When rose thy wings, and all the world was stilled
Beneath thy lucent plumes!

O Ibis, Ibis! whence thy silent flight?
O'er Everglades that only fireflies light,
Magnolias languid with their blooms, when night
Gathers from far her glooms;

O'er mossy live-oaks, high palmetto shades,
The cypressed lakelets of the everglades;
O'er rivers dead, and still pines' colonnades,
Where sweet the jessamine grows;

Where red blooms flame amid the trailing moss,
And streams unnumbered low lianas cross;
Wild-orange groves, where in their nests of floss
The sun-birds find repose.

But hark! what sound upon the stillness breaks?
A rifle-shot—a boatman on the lakes,
An Ibis' wing above in silver flakes—
A white bird downward falls!

O Ibis, Ibis, of the tropic skies,
For whom the arches of the sunsets rise!
God made this world to be thy paradise,
Thy Eden without walls.

O Ibis dead, that on the dark lake floats,
Whose dimming eyes see not the sportsmen's boats,
O'er whose torn wing some brutal instinct gloats,
I wonder if in thee

Live not some spirit—so the Egyptian thought—
Some inner life from Life's great fountain brought,
Something divine from God's great goodness caught,
Some immortality?

Are all these paradises dead to thee—
The cool savanna and the purple sea,
The air, thy ocean, where thou wanderest free—
I wonder, are they dead?

Or hast thou yet a spirit life, that flies
Like thine own image through the endless skies,
And art thou to some new-born paradise
By higher instincts led?

Is death, like life, alike to all that live?
Does God to all a double life give?
Do all that breathe eternal life receive?
Is thought, where'er it be,

Immortal as the Source from whence it came?
O living Ibis! in the sunset's flame,
Still flying westward thou and I, the same,
Can answer not—but *He?*

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE EAGLE

BY JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banner fling,
And the tempest-clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain-top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest, like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze:
The mid-day sun, though clear and bright,
Can never dim thy gaze.

When the night storm gathers dim and dark,
  With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
  Quick as a passing dream.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
  And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that can not lag,
  They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
  To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
  Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
  In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
  The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings
  The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
  Their pride to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
  And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
  And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
  The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
  Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
  And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
  And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood
  With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
  The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
  "O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
  The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
  For ages I watched alone,
And the world in its darkness asked no more
  Where the glorious bird had flown.

"But then came a bold and hardy few,
  And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
  And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
  As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
  My quivering pinions bore.

"And now that bold and hardy few
  Are a nation wide and strong;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
  And they worship me in song;

And over their bright and glancing arms,
  On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
  I guide them to victory."

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON

Bird of Columbia, well are thou
  An emblem of our native land;
With unblanched front and noble brow,
  Among the nations doomed to stand;
Proud like her mighty mountain woods;
  Like her own rivers wandering free;
And sending forth from hills and floods
  The joyous shout of liberty.
Like thee, majestic bird, like thee,
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wing, untired and strong,
That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,
And will not quail though tempests blow.

The admiration of the earth,
  In grand simplicity she stands;
Like thee, the storms beheld her birth,
  And she was nursed by rugged hands;
But, past the fierce and furious war,
  Her rising fame new glory brings,
For kings and nobles come from far
  To seek the shelter of her wings.

And like thee, rider of the cloud,
She mounts the heavens, serene and proud,
Great in a pure and noble fame,
Great in her spotless champion's name,
And destined in her day to be
Mighty as Rome—more nobly free.

My native land, my native land,
  To her my thoughts will fondly turn;
For her the warmest hopes expand,
  For her the heart with fears will yearn.
Oh, may she keep her eye, like thee,
  Proud eagle of the rocky wild,
Fixed on the sun of liberty,
  By rank, by faction, unbeguiled;
Remembering still the rugged road
Our venerable fathers trod,
When they through toil and danger pressed
To gain their glorious bequest,
And from each lip the caution fell
To those who followed, "Guard it well."

THE END

YOUNG HEROES OF OUR NAVY.

Uniform Edition. Each, 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

Reuben James.

A Hero of the Forecastle. By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, author of "Paul Jones." Illustrated by George Gibbs and others.

"Nothing could be more absorbing than Mr. Brady's graphic tale, which forms an eloquent tribute to the heroes of the forecastle, the predecessors of the men who did such gallant work at Manila and Santiago."—*Cleveland World.*

The Hero of Manila.

Dewey on the Mississippi and the Pacific. By ROSSITER JOHNSON. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst and others.

"There is nothing sensational or bombastic in the story from beginning to end. It is, however, picturesque and vivid, as well as dignified, modest, and decidedly interesting."—*Boston Budget.*

The Hero of Erie (*Commodore Perry*).

By JAMES BARNES, author of "Midshipman Farragut," "Commodore Bainbridge," etc. With 10 full-page Illustrations.

Commodore Bainbridge.

From the Gunroom to the Quarter-deck. By JAMES BARNES. Illustrated by George Gibbs and others.

Midshipman Farragut.

By JAMES BARNES. Illustrated by Carlton F. Chapman.

Decatur and Somers.

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL. With 6 full-page Illustrations by J. O. Davidson and others.

Paul Jones.

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL. With 8 full-page Illustrations.

Midshipman Paulding.

A True Story of the War of 1812. By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL. With 6 full-page Illustrations.

Little Jarvis.

The Story of the Heroic Midshipman of the Frigate Constellation. By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL. With 6 full-page Illustrations.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

BOOKS BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

UNIFORM EDITION. EACH, 12MO, CLOTH, $1.50.

WITH THE BLACK PRINCE. A Story of Adventure in the Fourteenth Century. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.

This is a story of adventure and of battle, but it is also an informing presentation of life in England and some phases of life in France in the fourteenth century. The hero is associated with the Black Prince at Crécy and elsewhere. Mr. Stoddard has done his best work in this story, and the absorbing interest of his stirring historical romance will appeal to all young readers.

SUCCESS AGAINST ODDS; or, How an American Boy made his Way. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.

In this spirited and interesting story Mr. Stoddard tells the adventures of a plucky boy who fought his own battles, and made his way upward from poverty in a Long Island seashore town. It is a tale of pluck and self-reliance capitally told. The seashore life is vividly described, and there are plenty of exciting incidents.

THE RED PATRIOT. A Story of the American Revolution. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.

THE WINDFALL; or, After the Flood. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.

CHRIS, THE MODEL-MAKER. A Story of New York. With 6 full-page Illustrations by B. West Clinedinst.

ON THE OLD FRONTIER. With 10 full-page Illustrations.

THE BATTLE OF NEW YORK. With 11 full-page Illustrations and colored Frontispiece.

LITTLE SMOKE. A Story of the Sioux Indians. With 12 full-page Illustrations by F. S. Dellenbaugh, portraits of Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, and other chiefs, and 72 head and tail pieces representing the various implements and surroundings of Indian life.

CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD. The story of a country boy who fought his way to success in the great metropolis. With 23 Illustrations by C. T. Hill.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS.

GOOD BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

THE EXPLOITS OF MYLES STANDISH. By HENRY JOHNSON (Muirhead Robertson), author of "From Scrooby to Plymouth Rock," etc. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

"A vivid picture, keen and penetrating in its interests, and familiarizing young people in a popular way with the hardships endured by the early settlers of New England."—*Boston Herald.*

"All that concerns the settlement at New Plymouth is told with fine skill and vividness of description. . . . A book that must be read from cover to cover with unfaltering interest."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

CHRISTINE'S CAREER. A Story for Girls. By PAULINE KING. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, specially bound, $1.50.

The story is fresh and modern, relieved by incidents and constant humor, and the lessons which are suggested are most beneficial.

JOHN BOYD'S ADVENTURES. By THOMAS W. KNOX, author of "The Boy Travelers," etc. With 12 full-page Illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

ALONG THE FLORIDA REEF. By CHARLES F. HOLDER, joint author of "Elements of Zoölogy." With numerous Illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

ENGLISHMAN'S HAVEN. By W. J. GORDON, author of "The Captain-General," etc. With 8 full-page Illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

WE ALL. A Story of Outdoor Life and Adventure in Arkansas. By OCTAVE THANET. With 12 full-page Illustrations by E. J. Austen and Others. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

KING TOM AND THE RUNAWAYS. By LOUIS PENDLETON. The experiences of two boys in the forests of Georgia. With 6 Illustrations by E. W. Kemble. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

THE STORY OF THE WEST SERIES.

Edited by RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

Each, illustrated, 12mo, cloth, $1.50.

The Story of the Soldier.

By General G. A. FORSYTH, U. S. Army (retired). Illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum.

"A very complete and vivid picture of the development of the West from a military point of view, with side lights on the civil war."—*The Churchman.*

The Story of the Railroad.

By CY WARMAN, author of "The Express Messenger," etc. With Maps and many Illustrations by B. West Clinedinst and from photographs.

"In Mr. Warman's book we are kept constantly reminded of the fortitude, the suffering, the enterprise, and the endurance of the pioneers."—*The Railroad Gazette.*

The Story of the Cowboy.

By E. HOUGH, author of "The Singing Mouse Stories," etc. Illustrated by William L. Wells and C. M. Russell.

"Mr. Hough is to be thanked for having written so excellent a book. The cowboy story, as this author has told it, will be the cowboy's fitting eulogy. This volume will be consulted in years to come as an authority on past conditions of the far West. For fine literary work the author is to be highly complimented. Here, certainly, we have a choice piece of writing."—*New York Times.*

The Story of the Mine.

As illustrated by the Great Comstock Lode of Nevada. By CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

"The author has written a book not alone full of information, but replete with the true romance of the American mine."—*New York Times.*

The Story of the Indian.

By GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL, author of "Pawnee Hero Stories," "Blackfoot Lodge Tales," etc.

"Only an author qualified by personal experience could offer us a profitable study of a race so alien from our own as is the Indian in thought, feeling, and culture. Only long association with Indians can enable a white man measurably to comprehend their thoughts and enter into their feelings. Such association has been Mr. Grinnell's."—*New York Sun.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Butterwo
59.0

AMNH LIBRARY
100115405